

BALLADS AND SONGS

CHIEFLY TAKEN FROM

DR. PERCY'S

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A FEW METRICAL

NARRATIVES

BY MODERN HANDS

WITH

PROLEGOMENA NOTES AND A GLOSSARY

THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

THEOPHILUS MILLER

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THE PREFACE.

I flatter myself the Reader will receive amiably this little book, which furnishes him with a good deal of the most eminent specimens of English Poëtry. No other literature, perhaps, is so richly stuffed with excellent productions of every sort, than the English; but particularly it abounds with master-pieces of the Lyric, and of that old Epic, kind of

Poëtry, which is conserved in those Ballads and poëtical stories of the Northern peoples. In these no other Nation excels or equals the English.

I therefore chose to select from DR. PERCY'S celebrated work such poems, as seemed most beautiful and of a common interesting. For the better understanding of the more ancient ballads I prefixed His "Essay on the ancient English Minstrels," transcribed or excerpted, and sometimes supplied, his little *Prolegomena* and *Notes* on the single pieces, and added a *Glossary*, compiled partly from Dr. Percy's

ely's Glossaries; annexed to the single Volumes of his Reliques of ancient Poetry, partly also from my own Reading. A few of the most beautiful ballads and songs (taken likewise from the work, now quoted, of Dr. Percy's) had been heretofore printed in Germany, viz. in the Collection of *English and Scottish ballads and songs*, with German translations, by Mr. Urfinus, but I suppose the judicious Reader will call this neither a plagium, (because the rich stores of the Bishop were opened to me as well as to that Author,) nor a superfluous undertaking: far the

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greater deal of exemplaries of that Collection being now dispersed, and a second edition of it not probably to be hoped for.

As for the *Narratives*, subjoined to the *Ballads* and *Songs*, as they are acknowledged to be of an outshining merit, I doubt not but the Reader will thank me for having received them.

Halle, in April,

1794.

THE EDITOR

SONGS

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SONGS

I.

SONGS and BALLADS.

These venerable ancient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.

ROWE.

An ordinary SONG or BALLAD, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers, as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance, and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined. ADDISON, in SPECTATOR, No. 70.

Though some make flight of LIBELS, yet you may see by them how the wind fits. As take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels. SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

A N

ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

I. **T**HE MINSTRELS *) were an order of men in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied

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*) The true origin of the name is given by Du Cange: (Gloss. IV. p. 769.) "*Ministelli* . . . quos vulgo *Menestrenx* vel *Menestriens* appellamus, quod minoribus aulae *Ministris* accenserentur," From *Percy's* note on this passage.

plied the want of more refined entertainments *). These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The MINSTRELS seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient BARDS, who under different names were admired and re-
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*) Hence our old monkish historians seldom use the words *Cantator*, *Citharædus*, *Musicus*, or the like to express a MINSTREL in Latin, but either *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Ioculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. They (according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown) united the powers of melody, poem and dance. Which is also proved by more positive evidence; for all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. We have a remarkable instance of this in Joinville's life of St. Lewis; which shews that the MINSTRELS were sometimes very dextrous Tumblers and Posturemakers. "Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyermenie (Armenia) . . . et avoient trois cors. — Quand ils en commençoient à corner, vous disiez que ce sont les voix de cygnes . . . et faisoient les plus douces melodies. — Ils faisoient trois merveilleux sauts, car on leur mettoit une rouelle dessous les piez, et tournoient tous debout . . . Les deux tournoient les testes arrieres." etc. etc.

vered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland and the North; and indeed by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race *); but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors **), particularly by all the Danish tribes ***). By these they were distinguished by the name of SCALDS, a word which denotes "smoothers and Polishers of language ****). " The origin of their art was attributed to ODIN or WODEN, the father of their Gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and song, from the earliest times, in those coun-

*) Vid. Pellontier Hist. des Celtes. tom. I. l. 2. c. 6. 10.

**) Tac. de Mor. Germ. 2.

***) V. Bartholin de causis contemptae a Danis mortis, lib. I. c. 10. etc.

****) Torfaei Praef. ad Orcad. Hist. — Pref. to "Five pieces of Runic Poetry," etc.

countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the POET and the MINSTREL early with us became two persons *. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men, for many ages after the Norman conquest, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shewn to their predecessors the BARDS and

*) The word SCALD comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them separate. From. P.

and SCALDS *). And tho', as their art declined, some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection, were composed by this order of men. For altho' some of the larger metrical Romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels, who sung them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each others productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and therefore we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain,

*) Vid Du Cange, *Fauchet* (Recueil de la langue Fr, p. 73) and *Fontenelle* (Hist. du theat.), where one sees that they swarmed, and were rewarded not only by very large sums, but oftentimes by the favours of princesses and other great ladies. On account of which this profession was followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. — From P.

tain, even if History had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the names of Jutland, Angelen and Holstein *). The Iutes and Angles in particular, who composed two third of the conquerors of Britain were a Danish people and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark **), so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors. From this near affinity we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations, in their customs, manners and even language, and in fact we find them to differ no more, than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilised state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries. Especially if we reflect, that the colony here settled had adopted a new Religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the
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*) Vid. Chronic. Saxon. & Gibson p. 12, 13. 4to. — Bed. Hist. Eccles. ed. Smith lib. 1. c. 15.

**) *Anglia Vetus, hodie etiam Anglen, sita est inter Saxones et Gotos (Iutos) habens oppidum cadidale . . . Sleswick, Ethelwerd lib. 1.*

mother-country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; as afterwards among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic Stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered, if a character so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes, as the SCALD or BARD, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And indeed this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective, that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular bards were confessedly revered and admired, in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common, and numerous among their own descendents here after the Norman Conquest, what could have become of them in the intermediate time? Can we do otherwise than conclude, that this
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order of men still subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendour than in the North, and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was really the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern SCALDS, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician were all united, than appear to have been paid to the MINSTRELS and HARPERS *) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert, while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen: yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour, and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word **) which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our language to be of all others the

*) That the HARP (Cithara) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people.

**) The Anglo-Saxon word *Glee*. Vid. Percy's note on the passage.

the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds.

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject, and whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people, and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to shew, that Minstrelsy and song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons, and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shews that

that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among the people, and that their princes themselves could upon occasion assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist *), was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a MINSTREL. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument, as an HARPER. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Though the above 'fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth, the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us thro-

*) See Rapin's Hist. (by Tindal fol. 1732, Vol. I. p. 36.) who places the incident here related under the year 495.

through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own, and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, which have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous aera, and more indubitable authority: for later History affords us two remarkable facts *), which I think clearly show, that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation, and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the northern SCALDS, were not whole-

*) Both these facts are recorded by WILLIAM of MALMESBURY: and the first of them (relating to ALFRED), by INGULPHUS also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the conquest a) and consequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had actually written his history before that event, he is therefore to be considered as an Anti-norman writer: so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Ioculator* or MINSTREL was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of WILLIAM of MALMESBURY, who outlived INGULPHUS but about 30 years b).

a) Natus 1030., scripsit 1091., obiit 1109. Tanner.

b) Obiit 1142. Tanner.

wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon MINSTRELS.

Our great king Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music *), being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a MINSTREL; when taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends, disguised as a servant, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp,) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp: and though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault, which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after **), a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the

*) By SALE and SPELMAN. To understand music, and consequently to practise on some instrument was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was SHAMEFUL to be ignorant of it.

**) Anno 938. vid. Rapin, etc.

the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a MINSTREL, Anlaff king of the Danes went among the Saxon tents; and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now, if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have MINSTRELS of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to shew favour and respect to the Danish SCALDS, Anlaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude, that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the MINSTREL was a privileged character with each.

But,

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in Doomesday book, *Ioculator Regis*, the KING'S MINSTREL, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance.

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman conquest: and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the SCALDS had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: So that, when his descendant, WILLIAM the BASTARD, invaded this kingdom in the following century *), that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture, will appear from a remarkable fact, which shew that the arts of Poetry and song were still as reputable among

*) Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy, A. D. 912, William invaded England, A. D. 1066.

mong the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the north; and that the profession of MINSTREL, like that of SCALD, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named TAILLEFER *), who was distinguished no less for the minstrel-arts, than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France, then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel talents, that an eminent French writer **) makes no scruple to

*) Vid. du Cange and Voltaire add. Hist. Univers. p. 69. etc.

**) "M. l'Evêque de la Rochelle, qui avoit fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chançons, pretend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chançonniens, non à la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chançons en langue vulgaire avant celles des Provençaux, mais postérieurement au Regne de Philippe I., ou à l'an 1100. Ce seroit une antériorité de plus d'un demi-siècle à l'époque des premiers Troubadours, que leur historien, Jean de Nostredame, fixe à l'an 1162., etc." Pref. à l'Anthologie Franc. 8vo. 1765.

to refer to them the origin of all MODERN POETRY, and shews, that they were celebrated for their Songs near a century before the TROVADOURS of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain.

We see then that the Norman conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it: and we may even conclude, that, after that period, this order of men would grow into more favour and reputation, and the profession itself acquire new privileges *).

IV.

*) The Reader will observe, that in the foregoing part of this essay, I am careful to trace the Descent of the French and English Minstrels only from the itinerant oral Poets of their Gothic ancestors the Franks and Saxons, and from the *Scalds* of their Danish brethren in the North. For though the *Bards* of the ancient Gauls and Britons might seem to have a claim of being considered as their more immediate predecessors and instructors; yet these, who were Celtic nations, were *ab origine* so different a race of men from the others who were all of Gothic origin, that I think one cannot, in any degree, argue from the manners of the one to those of the other, and the conquering Franks, Saxons, and Danes, were much less likely to take up any customs from their enemies the Gauls and Britons, whom they every where expelled, extirpated, or enslaved, than to have received and transmitted them from their own Teutonic ancestors in the North, among whom such customs were known to have prevailed from the earliest ages.

IV. After the Norman conquest I have not met with any very particular fact concerning the MINSTRELS, till we come down to the reign of Richard the first: and under him their profession seems to have revived with additional Splendor. Richard, who was the great restorer and hero of Chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels: He was himself of their number, and some of his verses are still extant *). As the Provençal Bards were in his time in high request for the softness of their language and the superior elegance of their compositions, Richard invited multitudes of them to his court, where he loaded them with honours and rewards: and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished monarch in the world. The distinction and respect which Richard shewed to men of this profession, although his favours were chiefly heaped upon foreigners, could not but recommend the profession itself among his own subjects: and therefore we may conclude, that English Minstrelsy would, in a peculiar manner flourish in his time: and probably it is from this aera, that we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's

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*) See a curious Provençal Song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, Vol. I. p. 5. This, so far as I can understand it, seems not to be destitute of pathetic and sentimental beauties.

compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels: the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical Romances of both nations *).

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his Minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact has lately been rescued from oblivion, and given to the world in a very elegant language by an ingenious lady **). I shall here produce a more antiquated relation

*) This might even, in great measure, be referred back perhaps to the Norman conquest itself, when along with their French language and manners, the victors doubtless brought with them all their native prejudices, opinions, and fables; which would not fail to be adopted by the English minstrels, who solicited their favour. This interchange, etc. between the Minstrels of the two nations, once begun, would be afterwards kept up by the great intercourse that was produced among all the nations of Christendom in the middle ages, by their uniting in the general Crusades, and by that spirit of Chivalry, which led the knights, and their attendants, the heralds and minstrels, etc. to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other feats of arms.

**) See "Miscellanies in prose and verse: by Anna Williams. London 1766."

tion of the same event, in the words of an old neglected compiler *).

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare, without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a RYMER OR MINSTREL, called BLONDELL DE NESLE: who (saith a Manuscript of old Poesies, and an auncient Manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowing it was, that he came backe from the Holy Land but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blonde, resolving to make search for him in many countreys, but he would hear some news of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne by good hap, neere to the castell where his maister king Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded, to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him, that it belonged to the duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no: for always he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the host made answer, there

was

*) *Favines Theatre of Honour and knighthood*, translated from the French, Lond. 1623. fol. Tom 2, p. 49.

was only one prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more than the space of one yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such means, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, AS MINSTRELS DOE EASILY WIN ACQVAINTANCE ANY WHERE: but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where king Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which king Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When king Richard heard the sung, he knew it was Blondel that sung it: and when Blondel paused at half of the song, the king began the other half, and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister, and returning home to England made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was. "This happened about the year 1193.

The next memorable event, which I find in history, concerning the Minstrels, is also much to their credit, and this was their rescuing one of the great Earls of Chester when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of K. John *); and is related as follows:

„Hugh

*) Vid. Dugdale (Baronage vol. 1, p. 42. 101.) who places it after the 13th year of K. Ioh. A. D. 1212.

"Hugh the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those, who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection caused multitudes of loose and disorderly people to resort to that fair; which afterwards proved of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan or Rhuydland; in which he was straightly besieged by the Welsh. Finding himself hard pressed, he contrived to give notice of his danger to Lord Roger (or John) de Lacy, Constable of Chester, who making use of the MINSTRELS then assembled at Chester fair: These men, like so many Tyrtæus's, by their Music and their Songs so allured and inspirited the multitudes of loose and lawless persons then brought together, that they resolutely marched against the Welsh: Hugh de Dutton, a gallant youth, who was steward to Lacy, putting himself at their head. The Welsh alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

For

For this good service, Ranulph granted to the Lacies by charter a peculiar patronage over men of this sort: who devolved the same again upon Dutton and his heirs *). And the MINSTRELS, his assistants, enjoyed for many ages peculiar honours and privileges under the descendants of that family. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit, that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the protection of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression, and have continued to be so excepted ever since.

The ceremonies, attending the exercise of this jurisdiction, are thus described by Dugdale as handed down to his time, viz. "That at Midsummer fair, all the minstrels of the country resorting to Chester, do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's church, (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country) one of "the minstrels" walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding two and two, and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments.

*) See a very curious ancient record upon this subject, in Blount's Law Dictionary, 1717. fol. (article MINSTREL.)

struments. And after divine service is ended, "they" give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his (Mr. Dutton's) steward, and all the MINSTRELS formally called; certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that Society, with Penalties to those who shall transgress them."

To resume the thread of this slight history, in the reign of Edward I. (severe as that monarch was in extirpating the Bards of Wales) a MULTITUDE of MINSTRELS are expressly mentioned to have given their attendance in his court at the solemn act of Knighting his son *); and under the reign of his son, such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in the year 1315. Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which, shows that MINSTRELS still retained the liberty of entering at will in to the royal presence, and

*) See Nic. Trivetii Annales, oxon. 1719. 8vo. p. 342.
„In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, et cum eo Comires Warenniae et Arundeliae, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos et quadraginta dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex in mensa novis militibus circumdatus, ingressa *Ministrellorum multitudo*, portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites praecipue novos invitarent, et inducerent, ad vendendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo.

and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Slow *):

„In the year 1316. Edward the second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a Woman ADORNED LIKE MINISTREL, sitting on a great horse trapped, AS MINSTRELS USED, who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime: and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed., — The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

It was a Minstrel who was deputed to this office, as one of that character was sure of gaining easy admittance: and a Female Minstrel was the rather chosen I suppose, as more likely to disarm the king's resentment: for there should seem to have been women of this profession, as well as these of the other sex.

In the fourth year of Richard II. **) John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire,
a COURT

*) See his Survey of London, etc. fol. 1633. p. 521.

**) Anno Dom. 1381.

a COURT OF MINSTRELS, with a full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them, as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS with four officers to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plott *); in whose time however they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have become mere musicians.

Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. a stated number of Minstrels were retained in all great and noble families, as appears from the Establishment of the Household of the then EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND: and we find, that it was at that time a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose, by a sort of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from *Erasmus* **), whose argument led him only to describe

*) Hist. of Staffordsh. ch. 10.

**) Vid. his Ecclesiastes.

scribe a species of these men who DID NOT SING their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges.

The Reader will find that the Minstrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575. among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer *) there present, and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

„A PERSON very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a XIV years old, apparell'd partly as he would himself. His cap off: his head seemly rounded Tonsterwise **) fair kemberd, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace was finely smoothed, to make it

*) *Ro. Langham*, in his „Very curious Letter,“ ect. wherein that entertainment is described at length.

**) i. e. Tonsurewise, after the manner of the Monks.

it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard snugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink with ruffs fair starched, fleeked and glistening like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, "that" every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side (i. e. long) gown of Kendale green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat, to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin *) edged with a blue lace, and marked with a D for Damian, for he was a batchelor yet.,,

„His gown had side (i. e. long) sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of points of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden poinets **), a wealt towards the hands of fustian - a - napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soor, and shining as a shoing horn.,,

„About

*) i. e. handkerchief, or cravat.

**) Perhaps, Points.

About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His **HARP** in good grace dependent before him. His **WREST** *) tyed to a green lace and hanging by: Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain, (pewter **) for) **SILVER**, as a **SQUIRE MINSTREL OF MIDDLESEX**, that travelled the country this summer feason, unto fair and worshipful mens houses. From this chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington.,,

This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families, wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge. From the expression of **SQUIRE MINSTREL** above we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as **YEOMEN MINSTRELS**, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, „after three lowly curtesies, cleared his voice with a hem, . . . and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for filling his napkin, tempered a string or two with his **WREST**, and after a little warbling
on

*) The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

) The reader will remember that this was NOT a **REAL MINSTREL, but only one personating that character: his ornaments therefore were only such as **OUTWARDLY** represented those of a real Minstrel.

on his HARP for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of king Arthur's acts etc., —

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39 th year of Elizabeth *), a statute was passed, by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, „and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

Y. I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient MINSTRELS, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North. There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been „OF THE NORTH COUNTRYE **):“ and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in such kind of poems, shews that this representation is real. The reason of which seems to be this; the civilizing of nations has begun from the South: the North would therefore be the last civilized, and the old man-

*) Anno Dom. 1597.

**) See below, the Ballad „king Estmere.“

manners would longest subsist there. With the manners, the old poetry that painted these manners would remain likewise; and in proportion as their boundaries became more contracted, and their neighbours refined, the poetry of those rude men would be more distinctly peculiar, and that peculiarity more strikingly remarked.

The Reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class: many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem have to appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhimes; as

Countriè harpèr battel morning
Ladiè singer damsel loving

instead of country, lady, harper, singer, etc. — This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhimes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what

copies

copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of Ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can discover, are "The Rising in the North," and "Northumberland betrayed by Douglas *)." Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel - ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. — The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of modern manners. —

To.

*) See Percy's Reliques of a. P. I. p. 269. 279.

34 AN ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT MINST.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the Ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of GARLANDS, and at length to be written purposely for such collections.

I.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY - CHACE.

(See Percy's *) Rel. ect. Vol. I. p. 294.)

The present admired ballad, which by its style and colour betrays itself to have been written about the time of Q. Elizabeth, is but an improved copy of another one on the same subject, which was doubtless composed between the reign of Henry IV. under which the accident, they both describe, did happen, and that of Henry VI **) in England and one of the two or three Jameses succeeding them in Scotland. The long detention of one of these latter in England ***), would render the name of James familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

C 2

As

*) now bishop at Dromore in Ireland.

**) Henry VI reigned from 1422. till 1471. when he was restored and slain; James I was crowned May 22 1424: murdered Feb. 21. 1436 - 7. — A third James mounted the throne in 1460., a year before Henry VI. was deposed. — Henry IV was crowned in 1399.

***) from 1406. till 1424.

As to the adventure itself, which is recorded in both the ballads, altho' it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or the Lord Wardens of the Marches. We learn also from the Memoirs of Cary Earl of Monmouth, 8vo 1759. p 165., that it was customary with the borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER:" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. Now there had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the
elder

elder *ballad of Chevy Chase*. Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the *Battle of Otterbourn*, a very different event, but which aftertimes (and probably by the poet himself) was easily confounded with it. To an old MS. Copy of the ancient ballad is subjoined the name of the author, RYCHARD SHEALE, who is not to be confounded with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. The author of the following translation of it into more modern English is unknown, but full of great merit, and has but now and then been corrected, especially by Mr. Percy himself, where found to depart too sensibly from his more accurate original.

See the excellent criticism upon these ballads (and properly the modern Copy, which was only known to the Critic,) by Mr. Addison, in the *Spectator*, No. 70. 74.

God

God prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All chosen meen of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aime their shafts aright.

The

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow deere:
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
 An hundred fat buckes flaine;
 Then having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their backslides all, with speciall care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deere to take *),
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make,

Lord

*) The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void both of Deer and Woods: but formerly they had enough of both to justify the descriptions attempted here and in the ancient Ballad of CHEVY-CHASE, Leyland, in the reign of Henry VIII. thus describes this County: — „In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no Forests except Chivet Hills; where is much BRUSHE-WOOD, and some OAKE; Grownde owar-growne with Linge, and some with Mosse. I have harde say that Chivet Hilles stretchethe XX miles. There is greate Plentie of REDDE-DEER, and ROO BUKKES.“ Itin. vol. VII. p. 56.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meete me here:

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the earle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a speare: —

Earl

Earl Douglas on a milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold:

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase,
And kill my fallow-deere?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee:

Yet will wee spend our deereft blood,
The cheefest harts to slay. —
Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,
And thus in rage did say:

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside. —
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy said,
By whom this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
And I stook looking on,
You be two earls, sayd Witherington,
And I a squire alone;

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have pow'r to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good;

As

As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood *).

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept the ground:

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
Noe slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,

At

*) This and the three following stanzas are borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy, and offered to the Reader instead of an unmeaning one of the modern Author.

The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd Steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our noble king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne,
I will not yeelde to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne.

Which

With that, there came an arrow keene
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
 A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spoke more words than these,
 Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end,
 Lord Percy sees my fall.

Lean'd on his Sword, Earl Percy tooke *)
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For fure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
 Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
 Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord Percý:

Sir

*) The beginning of this Stanza in the modern Copy,
 "Then leaving life Earl etc." seeming either corrup-
 ted or unmeaning, a correction has been attempted to
 after the old original.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare,
And thro' Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hatefull speare;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The speare went through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his hearts blood was wett.

This

This fight did last from breake of day,
 Till setting of the sun;
 For when they rung the evening-bell *),
 The strife was not half done.

They did take on, on either hand,
 Full by the light of moone,
 And many of them, when day was gone,
 Lay in a deadly swoone.

Of twenty hundred Scottish speres
 But fifty-five went home;
 Of fifteen hundred English bows
 Scarce fifty-three did come.

With brave Earl Percy, there was slaine
 Sir John of Egerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff **), and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,

Good

*) Sc. the Curfew (i. e. Couvre-feu) bell, usually rung at 8 o'clock. — The end of this Stanza is altered after the old Copy. The modern author gave it thus: "For when the evening-bell was rung. The battel scarce was done." So the following stanzas also are transposed and slightly altered after the old Original.

The editor,

**) This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland.

Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe,
That e'er he slain should be:
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He fought upon his knee. *)

And with Earl Douglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomery;
Sir Charles Murrày, that from the feeld
One foote did never flee.

Sir Charles Murrày of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

Lord Maxwell also bit the ground,
With Douglas in like case.

Son

*) This Stanza is given from the old Copy. In the modern it runs thus:

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumper,
For when his legs were *smitten off*,
He fought upon his *stumper*;

the meanness of which lines is flagrant. As for the phrase DOLEFUL DUMPS, it was frequent and unexceptionable with the age of Q. Elizabeth, but became ridiculous to the next generation. See Hudibras, Pt. 1. c. 3. v. 55.

So numbers, under the greene wood tree,
Were slaine in Chevy-Chase.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle,
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore;
They bare with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenbörrow,
Where Scotlands king did raigne,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes, king James did say,
Scotland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will no better bee;
I truste I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slaine,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and blest this land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

II.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

(S. Percy's Rel. of anc. Poet. Vol. I. p. 268)

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled: "The Content of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, 8vo. — Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I.: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened in the year 1666. Aet. 72. — This little poem is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:

All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

III.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philosophical song seems to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every man out of his humour." — It was chiefly printed in Mr. Percy's Reliques etc. (Vol. I., p. 291.) from a thin quarto Musick-book, intituled, "Bassus. Psalmes, Sonnets and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of five parts etc. By Williams Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell," etc. 4to. no date. —

My minde to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That God or Nature hath assignde:
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice;

I presse to beare no haughtie fway;
 Luk that I lack my mind supplies.
 Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie furfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toile, and keep with feare:
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor wealthy store,
 No force to win a victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a fore,
 No shape to win a lovers eye;
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more:
 They are but poore, tho' much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich, they beg, I give;
 They pine, in ease I always live. *)

I

*) The original Reading, here, is

"They poor, I rich, they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend, they pine, I give."

Both the meaning and the rhyme of the last line seem
 to be tautological and defective. I chose therefore to

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine:
No wordly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke *) that is anothers bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

insert a verse of my own rather than to interrupt the
lecture.

The Editor.

*) i. e. I bear, endure. PERCY.

IV.

SIR CAULINE.

(See Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. I. p. 38.)

This old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's (Mr. Percy's) Ms., but in so defective and mutilated a condition, that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the story.

THE FIRST PART.

In Irèland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a young and comlye knighte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughtèr,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed,
To be their wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerly he lovde this may.

Till

Till on a day it so beffel,
 Great dill to him was dight;
 The maydens love removde his mynde,
 To care-bed went the knight.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
 One while he spred them nye:
 And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
 Our king was bawne to dyne:
 He sayes: where is syr Cauline,
 That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knight,
 And fast his hands gan wringe:
 "Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,
 Without a good leechinge."

Fetch me downe my daughter deere,
 She is a leech full *) fine;

Goe,

*) It was a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are SKILLFUL IN SURGERY."

Goe, take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne foe red;
"Lothe I were him to tine."

Faire Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
— O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
— O sicke, thou fayr ladye.

Now ryse up, wightlye man, for shame,
Never lye so cowardlye;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love,
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, sir knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes,
'To be your bacheleere.

So-

Some deedes of arms if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold to happe thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, fyr knighte, wake there all
 nighte,
Untill the faire mornìnge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne?
And never man bare life away,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knight, he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone,
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone. —

Now on the Eldridge hill Ile walke,
For thy sake, fayre ladiè;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chambère,
Her maydens following bright;
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,

And

And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moon did rise,
He walked up and downe,
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe,
Over the bents so browne:
Quoth he: If cryance comes till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde an the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell;

And soe fast he called on Syr Caullne,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye, —

He faith, No' cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The les me dreadeth thee,

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed,
Syr Caulline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soone in sunder flode,

Then

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye braft.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiff in stower did stande,
But Sir Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,
He smote off his right-hand,
That soone he with paine and lack of bloud,
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande,
All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Now saytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye bright,
Faste wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadlye brande.

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hefts obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knight,
And here on this lay-land,

That

That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come,
To sporte, gamon, or playe,
And that thou here give up thy armes
Untill thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle fighe;
And sware to obey fyr Caulines heft,
Tyll the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone:

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked fyr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree:

I-wys

I wys he neither flint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye fee.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that ladye gay:
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring away.

— Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bold and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hefts for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love! —
Ne more his tonge could say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill fighe:
Alas! Syr knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree's foe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde,
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-withe hand
Towards that knighte so free:

He

He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, fyr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us floe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde fyr Cauline the knighte;
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboùre,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce,
Past many a pleasaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre;
This founde the ladye Christabelle,
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as fyr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And

And into the arboure as he went,
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and fyr Cauline,
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forth, I-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Now, traytore, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladiè.

Then forthe fyr Cauline he was ledde,
And thrown in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was fyr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
I praye you, save fyr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

— Now, dame, the traytor shall be sent
Acrofs the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knighte,
To part from his ladye;
And many a time he fighed fore,
And cast a wishfulle eye:

E

Faire

Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the fowre;
But ever she droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some fayre lilly flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
To tint her lover foe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love,
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters minde:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countrÿe,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladye.

And manye a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle:
But faire Christabelle foe woe begone
Was the fairest of them all.

Then manye a knyght was mickle of might,
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wighte, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His aſton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his ſheelde;
Ne noe man wiſt, whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe, where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were preſtly paſt
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo! upon the fourth morninge
A ſorrowfulle fight they ſee.

A hugye giaunt ſtiſſe and ſtarke
All foul of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire fardèn,
A mouthe from eare to eare,

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldain!
Behold these heads I beare with mee!
They are kings which he has slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own coufine,
Whom a knight of thine has shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yet he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter deere,
Or else within these lists so broad,
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knight of my round table,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knight amongst yee all,
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre,
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round table *)
Did stand both still and pale,
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no help was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slaye this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe

*) The ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table."

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede,
Now heaven assist thee, courteous knighte,
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend foldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came,
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighd a gentle sigh:
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists foe broad:
And now with swordes foe sharpe of freele,
They gan to lay on load.

The foldan stricke the knight a stroke,
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice shee deeply sighde.

The foldan stricke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice shee wept for woe.

The

The foldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain:
Quoth hee, but heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the foldan's side,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
When they sawe the foldan falle:
The ladie wept, and thanked Chrifft,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And now the king with all his barðns
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the lists,
That courteous knight to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come

Come downe, come downe, my daughter
deare,

Thou art a leech of skill;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him, if she maye,
But when she did his beavere raise:
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and fswound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,
When he heard his ladye crye:
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,
For thee I wisht to dye!

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladie milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comely knight
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee, thy faithfulle feere,

Tis

'Tis meet that I sholde followe thee,
Who hast bought my love foe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,
And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Chriftable did dye.

V.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

— Is given (says Percy, Reliq. vol. I. pag. 107.) from a fragment in the Editor's Folio MS., which, tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers, how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight.

Mr. Bürger's celebrated ballad, intitled: Ritter Karl von Eichenhorst, oder die Entführung, seems to be an imitation of the following ballad, so charming with the simple heartliness, prevailing throughout in it.

On yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comelye knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis! he stood not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-
page,
Nowe Christe thee save and see!
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydings bee?

My

My lady thee is all woe-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feude
Between her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a filken scarfe,
Bedewde with many a teare
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde,
The last boone thou mayst have;
And biddes thee weare it for her sake
Whan she is layde in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must she bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father has brought her a carlish knight *),
Sir John of the north countraye,
And within three days shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe

*) The Junker Plump von Pommerland (of the North countraye) of Mr. Bürger.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I, her owne true love,
Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy faire ladye know,
This night will I bee, at her bowre - win-
dowe,
Betide me weale, or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd,
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladie, Ive been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awa-

Awake, awake my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfraye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
He carrye thee hence away. —

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye should I finte my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knight so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.

“My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proud and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight should flye?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.”

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O la.

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that could befallè.

Faire Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he claspede her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himself on his steede so talle
And her on a faire palfraye,
And slunge his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her own damfelle,
In her bed whereas she leye;
Quoth shee, My lord shall know of this,
Soe I shall have gold and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake; my noble dame,
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of
Elle,
To doe the deed of shame.

The

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And calde his merry men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
The ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come golloping over the downe:

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye:
Nowe stop, now stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carrye that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye lynage,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it befeems thee, a false churles sonne,
To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyeft, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knight me gotte, and a ladye me bore,
So never did none by thee.

But light now downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye this arduous deed.

But

But light now downe, my dear ladye,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline fighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought foe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men,
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come riding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true loves band.

Thy

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde,
Full long and many a daye;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freely sayd we may.

O give consent, she may be mine,
And bless a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lynage faire:

My mother she was an erles daughter,
And a noble knyght my fire —
The baron he frownde and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you calld your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.

F

The

The baron he stroakt his darkbrown cheekes,
And turnde his head asyde,
To wipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stode,
And musde a little space:
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the
grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye hand,
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wrongde,
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And nowe my blessing wend wi'thee,
My lovely Emmeline.

VI.

KING ESTMERE.

(S. Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. I. p. 59.)

A very old Romantic legend, probably written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491.

Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
He tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
The tother was king Estmère;
The were as bolde men in their deedes,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle:
When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to gladd us all?

Then bespake him king Estmère,
And answered him hastilye:
I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
That is able to marry with mee.

King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye sholde be queene.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me deare brothèr,
Throughout merrye England,
Where we might find a messengèr,
Between us two to fende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourfelfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companee;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceivde,
And I feare lest foe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steedes,
And when they came to king Adlands halle,
Of red golde shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle
Before the goodlye yate,
Ther they found good kyng Adland,
Rearing himfelfe theratt.

Nowe

Nowe Christ thee save, good king Adland,
Nowe Christ thee save, and see. —
Sayd, you be welcome, king Estmere,
Right hartilye unto me. —

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother would marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare danghter
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye,
I feare sheele do youe the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladye
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter deare,
Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
She shall come downe once for your sake,
To glad my guesstès alle.

Downe

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe an hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bower to hall;
And eke as many gentle squires,
To wait upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head sette;
Hunge lowe downe to her knee,
And everye ryng on her smalle finger
Shone of the chryftall free.

Sayes, Chrift you save, my deare madame;
Sayes, Chrift you save and see. —
Sayes, you be welcome, kyng Estmère,
Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you faye,
So well and hartilee,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt may bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I faye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pulle downe my halls and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:

And

And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built about;
And therefore of that foule paynim
We neede not stande in doubte.

Plyght me your troth nowe, kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marry me to your wife,
And make me queene of your land.

Then king Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countrée,
To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They hat not ridden scant a mile,
At myle forth of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempes many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With many a grimme barone,

To

Tone day to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

Then shee sent after kyng Estmere
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either returne and fight,
Or goe home and lose his ladye.

One while then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne;
Till he had oretaken king Estmere,
I-wis, he ne never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, king Estmere! —
What tydinges nowe, my boy? —
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you fore annoy.

You hat not ridden scant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempes many a one.

But in did come the king of Spayne
With many a grimme barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother day to carry her home.

That

That ladye she greetes you well,
 And ever - move well by mee:
 You must either turn againe and fighte,
 Or goe home and lose your ladye.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
 My reade shall ryde *) at thee,
 Whiche waye we best may turne and fighte,
 To save this faire ladle.

Now hearken to me, says Adler yonge,
 And your reade must rise at me,
 I quicklie will devise a waye,
 To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westernne woman,
 And learned in grammarye,
 And when I learned at the schole,
 Something shee taught itt mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this fiede:
 And iff it were but knowne,
 His color, which is whyte and redd,
 It will make blacke and browne:

His

*) *Ryde*, should be "rise," as in the following stanza.
 "My Counsel shall arise from (at) thee; I repose my
 self upon thee." After P.

His color, which is browne and blacke,
 It will make redd and whyte;
 That sworde is not in all Englande,
 Upon his coat will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
 Out of the north countree;
 And Ile be your boye*), so faine of fighte,
 To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shall be the best harper,
 That ever tooke harpe in hand;
 And Il will be the best singer,
 That ever Sung in this land.

It shal be written in our forheads
 All and in grammarye;
 That we towe are the boldest men,
 That are in all Christentye.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
 On towe good renish steedes,
 And whan they came to king Adlands hall,
 Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And

*) The Minstrel had sometimes his Servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music. — Among the French and Provençal bards also the *Trouverre* or Inventor was general attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the Harp, or other musical instrument. *Fontenelle Hist. du Theat.*

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall,
 Untill the fayre hall yate,
 There they found a proud portèr,
 Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;
 Sayes, Christ thee save and see. —
 Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
 Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,
 Come out of the north countreè;
 We been come hither untill this place,
 This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, A your color were white and redd,
 As it is blacke and browne,
 Ild say king Eftmere and his brother
 Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of golde,
 Layd itt on the porters arme:
 And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
 Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on king Eftmère,
 And fore he handled the ryng,
 Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
 He lett for no kind of thyng *).

Kyng

*) So honored were the old minstrels, as to be permitted
 to rike into a kings hall. — Aft. P.

King Eftmere he light off his steede
Up at the fayre hall board;
The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, stable thy steede, thou proud harpèr,
Goe stable him in the stalle;
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kings halle.

My ladd he is so lithèr, he sayd,
He will do nought that's meete;
And aye that I cold but find the man,
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud words, sayd the Paynim
king,

Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy ladd and thee.

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,
And fight of him wold I see;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

And

And how now, kempe, sayd the kyng of
Spayne,

And how what aileth thee?

He sayes, Itt is written in his forehead,

All and in gramarye,

That for all the gold that is under heauen,

I dare not neigh him nye.

King Estmere then pulled forth his harpe,

And playd thereon so sweete:

Up starte the ladye from the kynge,

As he sate at the meate.

Now stay thy herpe, thou prout harper,

Now stay thy harpe, I say;

For an thou playest as thou beginnest,

Thoul't till my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,

And playd both faire and free;

The ladye was so pleasde therat,

The laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of

Spayne,

Thy harpe and fryngs eche one,

And as many old nobles thou shalt have,

As there be fryngs thereon.

And

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee?

"To play my wiffe and me a fitt,
When abed together we bee."

Now sell me, quoth he, thy bride foe gay,
As she sits laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be ryngs in the hall. —

And what wold ye doe with my bryde foe gay,
If I did sell her yee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye,
To lye by mee than thee.

He played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did sing,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"No harper, but a kyng."

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"As playnlye thou mayest see;
"And Ile rid the of that foule paynim,
"Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And has the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kempere men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee thall dye.

Kyng Estmere threw the harpe aside,
And swith he drew his brande;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
Right stiffe in flour can stand.

And aye their swordes foe fore can byte,
Throughe help of gramarye,
That soone they have Slayne the kempere
men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere took that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wyfe,
And brought her home to merrye England,
With her to leade his lyfe.

VII.

SWEET WILLIAMS GHOST, A SCOT-
TISH BALLAD.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. Poet. Vol. III. p. 127.)

There came a ghost to Marg'rets door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin;
But answer made she none.

"Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?" —

'Tis not thy father Philip;
Nor yet thy brother John!
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home!

O Sweet Margrèt! o dear Margrèt!
I pray thee, speak to mee!
Give me my faith and troth, Margrèt,
As I gave it to thee!

"Thy

"Thy faith and troth thou'le nevir get,
Of me shalt nevir win,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kifs my cheek and chin!"

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man!
And should I kifs thy rosy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margrèt, O dear Margrèt,
I pray thee speak to mee!
Give me my faith and troth, Margrèt,
As I gave it to thee!

"Thy faith and troth thou 'le nevir get,
Of me shalt nevir win,
Till thou take me to yon kirk yàrd,
And wed me with a ring."

My bones are buried in a kirk yàrd,
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margrèt,
That's speaking now to thee!

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her best:

"Hae there your faith and troth, Williè,
God send your soul good rest!"

G

Now

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
 A piece below her knee;
 And ah! the live lang winter night
 The dead corps followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Williè,
 Or any room at your feet?
 Or any room at your side, Williè,
 Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Margrèt,
 There's nae room at my feet;
 There's nae room at my side, Margrèt,
 My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock
 And up then crew the gray:
 "'T is time, 't is time; my dear Margret,
 That I were gane away!"

No more the ghost to Margret said,
 But, with a grievous grone,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Margret cried!"
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her fast limbs and died *). —

VIII.

*) This stanza seems modern, PERCY.

VIII.

EDWARD, EDWARD, AN OLDSCOT-
TISH BALLAD.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. Poet. Vol. I. p. 57.)

Quhy dois zour brand fae drap wi' bluid,
 Edward, Edward?
 Quhy dois zour brand fae drap wi' bluid?
 And quhy fae fad gang zee, O?
 O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,
 Mither, Mither:
 O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,
 And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid,
 Edward, Edward.
 Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid;
 My deir son I tell thee, O.
 O, I hae killed my reid-roan fteid,
 Mither, mither:
 O, I hae killed my reid-roan fteid,
 That erft was fae fair and frie, O.

Zour fteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
 Edward, Edward:
 Zour fteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
 Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O.

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?
My deir fon, now tell me, O.
Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi 'zour towirs and
zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi 'zour towirs and
zour ha',
That were fae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand, til they down fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand til they down fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and
zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and
zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?
The

The world is room, late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The world is room, late them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?

**Aud quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir fon, now tell me, O.**

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Sic counfeils ze gawe to me, O.

IX.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

AS REVISED AND ALTERED *) BY A MODERN HAND.

(See Percy's Reliq. etc. Vol. III p. 335.)

Mr. Warton, in his ingenious observations on Spenser, has given his opinion that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled LE COUVERT MAN.

* From an old, uncouth original, which begins the III. Vol. of Mr. Percy's Reliques etc.

MANTEL quoted by M. de St. Palaye in his curious "Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie," Paris 1759, II. Tom. 12mo, who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup (Cant. 42.). 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French Romance, but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the Memoires) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning K. Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported of this island. See Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscip. Tom. XX. p. 352.

The incident of the MANTLE in the older ballad, mentioned in the note, (which as well as that of the KNIFE seem not to have been borrowed from any other writer) evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of FLORIMEL'S GIRDLE. B. IV. C. 5. St. 3.

As for the story of the HORN, it is not peculiar to the English poet: It occurs in the old romance, intitled *Morte Arthur*, which was translated out of French in the time of K. Edw. IV. and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have

ve

ve borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup. (See Mr. Warton's *Obss.* on the Faerie Queen, etc.). But the French story varies a good deal from the English, which we have just reason to suppose was written before the French Romance was translated into English.

As for queen Guènever, she is here represented no otherwise, than as we find her in old histories and romances. - Holinshed observes, that "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband." Vol. I. p. 93.

In Carleile dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a strange and cunning boye
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a farke of filk
About his middle meet;

And

And thus, with seemely courtesy,
He did king Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre,
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That faire and peerlesse flowre.

"Ye gallant lords and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose,
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape and hew.

"Now have thou here, king Arthur,
Now have thou here of mee,
And give unto thy comely queene,
All-shapen as you see.

"No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame."
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye

This

This dame, she was new - fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd downe,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while to short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemely fort.

Now greene, now red it seemed,
Then all of fable hue,
'Besfhrew me, quoth king Arthur,
I think thou bee'st not true.

Down she drew the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay
But storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree:

Then

Then here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
"Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear:
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b** side bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
Buth with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber flunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;

And

And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed :

"And all the time of Christmase
Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
If thou wilt let my lady faire
Within the mantle shine."

A faint his lady seemed,
With step demure, and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace does goe.

When shee the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And shew'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassell and a thread.

Downe she threwe the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hied away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare:

"Co-

"Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And nowe to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still, she cryed, o mantle!
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradocke
Beneathe the green-wood tree:
Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth
Before hee married mee."

When thus she had her thriven,
And her worst fault had told,

The

The mantle soone became her
Right comelye as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where stood a boar's-head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife,
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of steel and iron made;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast:

And

And every knight in Arthur's court
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, "No cuckolde ever can
"Set mouth unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horne
Lift fairly to his head:
But or on this, or that side
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle
Where this fair couple's meed:
And all such constant lovers,
God fend them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spiteful say,

"Sir

"Sir Cradocke's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the price away.

"See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herselfe so cleane:
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
Have her lewd pillow prest:
Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the fame in hold:
"Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold:

"Of speech she is too bold,
Of carriage all too free;
Sir kinge, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolick, light, and wanton
She hath her carriage borne:
And given thee for a kingly crowne
To wear a cuckold's horne."

The learned editor of the *Specimens of
Welsh Poetry*, 4to. informed M. Percy that
the

the story of the *Boy and the Mantle* is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of *Tegan Earfon*, one of king Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writer say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.

CARLEILE, so often mentioned in the Ballad of K. Arthur Mr. Percy once thought might probably be a corruption of CAERLEON, an ancient British city on the river Uske in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of K. Arthurs chief residence; but he is now convinced, that it is no other than CARLISLE, in Cumberland; the Old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern Men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North: And many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there: Thus *Tearne - Wadling* is the name of a Lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. A Tradition still prevails in the neighbourhood, that an old Castle once stood at *Tearne - Wadling*, the remains of which are either now, or were not long since to be seen.

X.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. III. p. 11.)

— **I**s chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's (Mr. Percy's) MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of *Chaucer*, and what furnished that bard with his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, etc. it would have been improper for to be given to the public: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the FRAGMENT itself one time or other will be published.

The same story makes the subject of a poetical narration of Mr. de Voltaire's, intitled, "*Ce qui plaît aux dames.*"

PART THE FIRST.

King Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemingly is to see;

H

And

And there with him queene Guènever,
That bride so bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenèver,
That bride so bright of bowre:
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiff and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princely cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round,
Before them came a faire damfelle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,
I beg a boone of thee:
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and mee.

In Tearne-Wadling *) his castle stands,
All on a hill see hye,

And

*) This is the name of a place in Cumberland, where the remains of an ancient Castle are still to be seen: *Tearne* in the dialect of that Country signifies a small Lake,

And proudlye rise the battlements,
And gaye the streameres flye.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire,
May pafse that castle-walle:
But from that foule discourteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befalle.

Hee's twyce the fize of common men, *)
Wi' thewes, and sinews stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme bardne 'twas our hard happe,
But yester morne to fee;
When to his bowre he bore my love,
And fore misufed mee.

And when I told him, king Arthùre
As lyttle shold him spare:
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete me if he dare.

Upp then fterted king Arthùre,
And fware by hill and dale,
He ne'er would quitt that grimme bardne,
Till he had made him quail.

H 2

Goe

*) See upon these gigantical fictions of the old Romancers,
"Hurd's Letters on Chivalry and Romance," the second
edition.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar :
 Goe faddle mee my steede;
 Nowe, by my faye, that grimme bardne
 Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge
 Beneath the castle walle:
 "Come forth; come forth, thou proude bar-
 none,
 Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stoode,
 And fenc'd with many a spelle:
 Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
 But strait his courage felle.

Forth then rushed that carlish knighte;
 King Arthur felt the charme:
 His sturdy finewes lost their strengthe,
 Downe funke his feeble arme.

Now yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthure,
 Now yield thee, unto mee:
 Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
 No better terms maye bee.

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,
 And promise on thy faye,
 Heare to return to 'learne Wadling,
 Upon the new-year's daye:

And

And bringe me word what thing it is
All women mosste desyre:
This is thy ranfome, Arthur, he sayes,
He have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And fware upon his faye;
Then tooke his leave of the grimme bardne,
And faste hee rode away.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they mosste desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; some flattery;
And some a jolly knighte.

In letteres all king Arthur wrote,
And seal'd them with his ringe:
But still his minde was held in doubt,
Each told a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He saw a lady sette
Betweene an oke, and a greene holleye,
All clad in red scarlèt.

Her

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwarde,
Her chin stood all awrye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute
Her checkes of deadlye hewe:
A worse-form'd lady than she was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the king in seemelye sorte
This ladye was fullye faine;
But king Arthure, all sore amaz'd,
No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the lady sayd,
That wilt not speake to mee;
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,
And helpe me in my neede;
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladye,
And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare me this upon the roode,
And promise on thy faye;
And here the secrette I will telle,
That shall thy ransome paye.

(King

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And fware upon the roode;
The secrette then the ladye told,
As lightlye well shee cou'de.

Now this shall bee my paye, fir king,
And this my guerdon bee,
That some yong fair and courtlye knight,
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked king Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
And soon he founde the barone's bowre;
And soone the grimme baroûne.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee stoode both stiffe and stronge;
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the letters flunge:

Now yelde thee, Arthur and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, fir king,
Nor may thy ranfome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proud barone,
I pray thee hold thy hand;
And give me leave to speake once moe
In reskewe of my land.

This

This morne, as I came over a more,
 I saw a ladye fette
 Betweene anoke, and a greene holleye,
 And clad in red scarlèt.

She fayer, all women will have their wille,
 This is their chief defyre;
 Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
 That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeance light on her!
 The carlish barone swore:
 Shee was my sifter tolde thee this,
 And shee s a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
 To do her as ill a turne:
 For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
 In a fyre I will her burne.

PART THE SECONDE.

Homeward pricked king Arthùre,
 And a wearye man was hee;
 And soone he mette queene Guenever,
 That bride so bright of blee.

What newes! what newes! thou noble king,
 Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?

Where

Where hast thou hung the carlish knight?
And where bestow'd his head?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,
And free fro mortal harme:
On magicke grounde his castle stands,
And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was full faine,
And yield me to his hand:
And but for a lothly ladye, there
I sholde have lost my land.

And now this fills my hearte with woe,
And sorrow of my life;
I swore a yong and courtlye knight
Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him fir Gawaine
That was ever a gentle knight:
That lothly ladye I will wed;
Therefore be merrie and lighte.

Now naye, now naye, good fir Gawaine;
My sifter's sonne yee bee;
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

Her

Her nose is crookt and all outwarde;
Her chin stands all awrye;
A worfe form'd ladye than she is
Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,
And shee be foule to see:
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,
And I'll thy randsome bee.

Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Ga-
waïne,
And a bleffing thee betyde!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have
hounde,
To cover our intent;
And wee'll away to the greene forèst,
As wee a huntinge went.

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoſte of the companye
There rode the ſteward Kaye:

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke fir Garratte keene;

Sir

Sir Trifram too, that gentle knighte,
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the green forrest,
Beneath a fair holley tree
There sate that ladie in red scarlèt,
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay behald that lady's face,
And look'd upon her sweere:
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout:
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, sayde sir Gawaïne,
And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongst us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I' the devil's name anone;
Get mee a wife wherever I may,
In sooth she shall bee none.

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some tooke up their houndes;
[And

And fayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him king Arthure,
And sware there, By this daye,
For a little foule fighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye.

Peace, lordings, peace, sir Gawaine sayd,
Nor make debate and strife;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good sir Ga-
waïne,
And a blessinge be thy meede!
For as I am thine owne ladye,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then ny they tooke that lothlye dame,
And home anone they bringe:
And there sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were gone awaye;
Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord
Come turn to mee I praye.

Sir

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For forrowe and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud red cheekes,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe:
The ripening cherrye swelld her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that ladye faire,
Lying upon the sheete:
And swore, As he was a true knighte,
The spice was never so sweete.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side:
"The fairest flower is not soe faire;
Thou never canst bee my bride."

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The same which thou didst knowe,
That was so lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,
And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or else by daye,
Shall I be foule or faire?

"To

"To have thee foule still in the night,
When I with thee should playe!
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye."

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes

To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not goe with mine?

"My faire ladyè, sir Gawaine sayd,
I yield me to thy skille;
Because thou art mine owne ladyè
Thou shalt have all thy wille."

Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawaine,
And the daye that I thee see;
For as thou seeft me at this time,
Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced foe,
He tooke to wife a false ladyè,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the green forèst to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst

Midst mores and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life:
'Till some yong faire and courtlye knight
Wolde marrye me to his wife.

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille;
Until he wolde yelde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,;
And made him stiffe and stronge,
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.}

But now the spelle is broken through,
And wronge is turnde to righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladye,
And hee be a gentle knight.

XI.

H A R P A L V S.

An ancient English Pastoral.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. Poetry Vol. II., 67.)

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in the English language, is preserved among the SONGS and SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, etc. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AVCTOVS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII.; but it is presumed much of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification

tion, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twift and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all to coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlands make
Of couflips and of columbine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field:
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;
For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was fardest of her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
And dry as clot of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare hong all unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spitefull love had shent.

His eyes were red and all forewacht,
His face besprent with teares:
It semde unhap had him long hatcht,
In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were black and also bare;
As one forlorne was he;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he fate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorowes shril
He gan to tell his tale.

"O Harpalus! thus would he say;
 Unhappiest under sunne!
 *The cause of thine unhappy day
 By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
 A tigre to make tame,
 That fettes not by thy love a leeke;
 But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to convert
 The frost into a flame,
 As for to turne a frowarde hert,
 Whom thou so fain wouldst frame. *)

Corin he lives carelesse:
 He leapes among the leaves:
 He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
 Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,
 And harke your herdmans sounde:

I 2

Whom

*) The meaning of this line is not evident. Harpalus speaking of Phyllida calls her a froward heart, "Whom (properly "which") thou so fain wouldst frame." Who is apostrophized by this "thou"? Most natural it seems to understand the shepherd himself, and to suppose him to complain of the ill success of his *framing* (i. e., forming for, or inspiring with, love) his mistress's heart. But even this explication is extorted.

Whom spitefull love, alas! hath flaine,
Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde,
That here your pasture take:
I fe that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
The bucke harde by the doe:
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:
The yong cowe hath the bulle:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

But, well-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phylida, so faire;
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest;

To

To th'ende that I may want my breath,
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares;
That she may feele within her brest
The paines of my dispaire:

Of Corin who is carelesse,
That she may crave her fee:
As I have done in great distresse,
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave,
Her slave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruell love now slaine:
Whom Phylida unjustly thus,
Hath murdred with disdaine."

XII.

WHY SO PALE?

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. II. p. 347.)

From Sir John Suckling's poems. This
sprightly knight was born in 1613., and cut
off by a fever about the 29th year of his age.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prethee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young finner?

Prethee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing doe't?

Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame: this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her!

XIII.

XIII.

SIR ALDINGAR.

(See Percy's rel. of. anc. Poetry Vol. II. p. 49.)

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's (Mr. Percy's) folio MS., with a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of three or four stanzas to supply defects in the original copy.

It has been suggested to the Editor (Mr. Percy) that the Author of this Poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called king) Henry.

Our king he kept a false stewarde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene she was a good woman,
And evermore sayd him naye.

Sir

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his minde,
With her he was never content,
Till traiterous means he colde devyse,
In a fyre to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He took the lazar upon his backe,
And on the queens bed him layne.

"Lye still, lazàr, whereas thou lyeft,
Looke thou go not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day."

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
"If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I cold bring."

Saye on, saye on, fir Aldingar,
Say on the soothe to mee.
"Our queene hat chosen a new new love,
And she will have none of thee.

"If fhee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame."

— If this be true, fir Aldingar,
The tydings thou tellest to me,
Then I will make thee a riche riche knight,
Riche both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, fir Aldingar,
As God now grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallowes tree. —

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore:
A lodlye love, king Henrye sayd,
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou wert a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall now be
built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wisse,
And an angry man was hee;
And soone he founde queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

— Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see;
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

If

If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame:
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou-bee. —
“Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
Sir Aldingar’s false to mee.

Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
My heart with grieve will braft.
I had thought swevens had never beene true;
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt a sweven on thursfday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beaft
Had carried my crowne awaye;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere:
And he wolde worrye me with his tush,
And to his nest y-beare;

Saving there came a little grey hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the ground did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall. —

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none
A battell would I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

"Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes,
Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
And north and south bedeene:
But neyer a champion colde she find,
Welde fight with that knight so keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damfelles,
And knelt upon her knee,
"Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be:

And

And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde."

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye
Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde she finde,
Would fighte with that knight so stout.

And now the daye drew on apace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe - begone was that faire damselle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe - begone was that fair damselle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in a mantle of golde,
He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,
Then a child of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
And what doth cause you moane? —
The damsell scant would deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

Yet

Yet turn againe, thou faire damfelle,
And greete thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Now helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, wheras she laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beaft
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye;

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And faved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damfelle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame,
A gladd woman was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood,
And a stake was made of tree;
And now queene Elinore forth was led;
A sorrowful fight to see.

Three

Three times the herault waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or she must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queene Elinore she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tynye boy they see.

"Away with that stake, away with those
brands,
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And either fighte or flee;
I truste that I shall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am so small to see,

The

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

Stand up, stand up, thou false traitdre,
And fighte upon thy feete,
For and thou thriveest, as thou beginnest,
Of height we shall be meete.

"A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
While I am a man alive;
A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
Me for to houze and thrive.

"I wolde have layne by our comlye queene,
But shee would never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our
- kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

"There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bed him layne.

"Then ran I to our comlye king,
These tydings fore to tell;
But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,
Falsing never doth well.

"For-

Forgive, forgive me, queene madame,
The short time I must live..."
Now Chrif forgive thee Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.

"Here take thy queene, our king Harrye,
And love her as thy lyfe,
For never had king in Christentye
A truer and fairer wife."

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And lofed her full fone:
Then turnd to look for the tinnye boye;
The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and founde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewarde,
To wayte within his hall.

XIV.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

(S. Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. I. p. 303.)

These beautiful stanzas are commonly printed as part of the song. "My mind to me a kingdom is;" but are found distinct and separate, after the manner of an independent poem, with different notes of music, in *Birde's Bassus*.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
 I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is;
 I feare not fortunes fatall law:
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seeke for more;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
 In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
 I faine not love where most I hate;
 K I brea-

I breake no sleep to winne my will;
 I wayte not at the mighties gate;
 I scorne no poor, I feare no rich;
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
 Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both,
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,
 No welth is like a quiet minde.

XV.

CHILD WATERS.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. III. p. 54.)

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince *Arthur* in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a king is in the same Poem called *Child Tristram*. In an old ballad quoted in Shakespear's *K. Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called *Child Roland*. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom

In.

Infante signifies a *Prince*. A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoyseles*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*." (Vid. Warb. Shakesp.) A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word for knight, signifies also a *Child*. (See Upton's gloss to the F. Q.)

Mr. Percy's MS. collection, whence the following piece is taken, affords several other ballads, wherein the word *Child* occurs as a title; but in none of these it signifies "Prince." So in the song, intitled *Gil Morrice* (See Percy's Rel. Vol. III. p. 89.) an old MS. copy of Mr. Percy's instead of "Gil Morrice" has CHILD Morrice, which last is probably the original title.

It ought to be observed that the word CHILD or CHIELD is still used in North Britain to denominate a Man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him: but sometimes to denote Man in general.

Mr. Bürger has presented us with a beautiful translation of this ballad.

Childe Waters in his stable stode,
 And stroakt his milkewhite steede:
 To him a fayre yong lady came,
 As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
 Sayes, Christ you save, and see:
 My girdle of gold that was too longe,
 Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
 I feele sturre at my syde:
 My gowne of greene it is too straichte;
 Before, it was too wide.

If the child be mine, fair Ellen, he sayd,
 Be mine as you tell mee;
 Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
 Be mine, as you do sweare;
 Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 And make that childe your heyre.

She sayes, I had rather have one kisse,
 Childe Waters, of thy mouth,
 Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
 both
 That lye by north and southe.

And

And I had rather have one twinkling,
 Childe Waters, of thine ee:
 Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
 both,

To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde,
 Farr into the north countree;
 The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
 Ellen, must goe with mee.

"Though I am not that ladye faire,
 Yet let me go with thee!
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
 Your foot-page let me bee."

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
 As you doe tell to mee;
 Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
 An inch above your knee:

Soe must you doe your yellow lockes,
 An inch above your ee:
 You must tell no man what is my name;
 My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Chylde Waters rode,
 Ran barefoote by his syde;
 Yet was he never so courteous a knyghte,
 To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

She

She, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
 Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
 Yet was hee never so courteous a knichte,
 To say, Put on your shoone.

"Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
 Why doe you ryde so fast?
 The childe, which is no mans but thine,
 My bodye it will braft.

Hee sayth, Seeft thou yond water, Ellèn,
 That flows from banke to brimme? —
 I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
 You never will see mee swimme.

But when she came to the water fyde,
 Shee saylèd to the chinne:
 "Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
 For I must learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
 Our ladie bare up her chinne:
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
 To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when she over the water was,
 She then came to his knee;
 Hee sayd come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
 Loe yonder what I see.

Seeft

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of red gold fhines the yate:
Of twenty foure faire ladyes there
The faireft is my mate,

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of red golde fhines the towre:
There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,
The faireft is my paramoure.

I fee the hall now, Childe Watèrs,
Of red golde fhines the yate:
God give you good now of yourfelfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I fee the hall now, Childe Watèrs,
Of red golde fhines the towre:
God give you good now of yourfelfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty four faire ladyes were
A playing at the ball:
And, Ellen! the fayrest ladye there
Must bring his steed to fall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were,
A playinge at the cheffe;
And, Ellen! the fayrest lady there
Must bring his horse to grasse.

And

And then bespake Child Waters sister,
 These were the wordes sayd shee:
 You have the prettiest page, brother,
 That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
 His girdle stands soe hye:
 And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
 Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,
 To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
 That weares so rich attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,
 To take his supper upon his knee,
 And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
 To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
 He sayd, "Come hither, my little foot-page,
 And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
 And lowe into the streete;
 The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
 Hyre in mine armes to sleepe;

And

And take her up in thine armes twaine,
 For filing of her feete;
 Ellen is gone into the towne,
 And lowe into the streete:

The fayrest ladye that she could finde,
 She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
 And tooke her up in her armes twaine,
 For filing of her feete.

I praye you nowe, good Childe Waters,
 Let me lye at your feete;
 For there is noe place about this house,
 Where I may saye a sleeper.

He gave her leave, and faire Ellen
 Down at his beds feet laye;
 This done the night drove on apace,
 And when it was near the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,
 Give my feede corne and haye;
 And give him now the good black oats,
 To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellen
 And gave his feede corne and haye:
 And soe she did the good black oates,
 To carry him better awaye.

She

She leaned her back to the manger side,
 And grievously did groane:
 She leaned her back to the manger side,
 And there shee made her moane.

And that behearde his mother deare,
 Shee heard her woefull woer:
 Sayd shee, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
 And into thy stable goe.

For in thy stable there is a ghost,
 That grievously doth grone:
 Or else some woman laboures with childe,
 Shee is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
 And did on his shirte of silke;
 And then he put on his other clothes,
 On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
 Full still there he did stand,
 That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn;
 Howe shee made her monand.

Shee sayd, Lullabyè, mine own deare
 childe,
 Lullabyè, deare childè, deare:
 I wolde thy father were a Kinge,
 Thy mothere layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridall and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

XVI.

DOWSABELL.

A Ballad.

(See Percy's Reliq. etc. Vol. I., p. 305.)

The following stanzas were written by *Michael Drayton*, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of *Q. Elizabeth*, *James I.* and *Charles I.* — He has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical Romances, particularly that of *Sir Iſenbras* alluded to in v. 3.

Farre in the countrey of Ardèn,
There wond a knight, hight Cassiemen,
As bold as Henbras:

Fell

Fell was he, and eger bent, *)
 In battell and in tournament,
 As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
 A daughter, cleaped Dowlabel,
 A mayden fayre and free:
 And, for she was her fathers heire,
 Full well she was y-cond the leyre
 Of mickle curtesie.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
 And also make the fine march-pine,
 And with the needle werke:
 And she couth helpe the priest to say
 His mattins on a holy-day,
 And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
 Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
 Which seemly was to see;
 A hood to that so neat and fine,
 In colour like the colombine,
 Y wrought full featously.

Her

*) This verse is defective, and should be supplied, I suppose, in this manner:

Full fell was he and eger bent.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that growes by Dove;
And lyth as lasse of Kent;
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morne betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get sweete cetywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lilly and the lady-smocke,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
She chanced to espie
A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
Like chanteclere that crowed crancke,
And pip'd full merrilie.

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round;
Whilst he full many a carroll sung,
Untill the fields and meadowes rung,
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this fame shepheards swayne
 Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne *),
 Which held proud kings in awe:
 But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
 And innocent of ill as he
 Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepheard ware a sheep-gray cloke,
 The which was of the finest loke,
 That couth be cut with sheere:
 His mittens were of bauzens skinne,
 His cockers were of cordiwin,
 His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
 His breech of coyntrie **) blewe:
 Full crispe and curled were his lockes;
 His browes as white as Albion rocks:
 So like a lover true,

And pyping still he spent the day,
 So merry as the popingay;
 Which liked Dowfabel:
 That, would she ought, or would she nought,
 This lad would never from her thought;
 She in love-longing fell.

At

*) Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard." 1590. 8vo. an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

**) i. e. Conventry.

At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her smocke,

She drew the shepheard nye:
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
To hear his melodye.

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly shepheards swayne,
The which can pipe so well. —
Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel. —

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,
Quoth she; look thou unto thy sheepe,
Lest they y should hap to stray. —
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell
Come forth to yonder maye.

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she sayd:
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee. —

My

My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde;
 Shall neither sheepe, nor shepheard houlde,
 Except thou favour mee. —

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,
 Then I should lose my mayden-head,
 And all for love of men. —

Sayth he, Yet are you too unkinde,
 If in your heart you cannot finde
 To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde
 As Colin was to Rosalinde,
 Of curtesie the flower. —

Then will I be as true, quoth she,
 As ever mayden yet might be
 Unto her paramour. —

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
 Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
 And him she sweetely kist;
 With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy:
 Quoth he, There's never shepheards boy
 That ever was so bliff.

XVII.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. II. p. 306.)

The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, "*King John and the Bishop of Canterbury*." The Editor's (Mr. Percy's) folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted: it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas, chiefly printed from an ancient black letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

Mr. Bürger's imitation of this ballad in our mother-tongue is justly admired.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon

Of a notable prince, that was called King
John;

And he ruled England with main and with
might,

For he did great wrong, and main'tein'd
little right,

L

And

And he tell you a story, a story so merry,
 Concerning the abbot of Canterburye;
 How for his house-keeping, and high re-
 nowne,
 They rode poste for him to fair London
 towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
 The Abbot kept in his house every day,
 And fifty gold chaynes, without any doubt,
 In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
 Thou keepest a far better house than mee;
 And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
 I fear thou work'st treason against my
 crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were
 knowne,

I never spend nothing, but what is my
 owne;

And I trust, your grace will doe me no
 deere,

For spending my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
 And now for the same thou needest must
 dye;

For

For except thou canst answer me questions
three;

Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quoth the king, when I am in this
stead;

With my crowne of golde so faire on my
head,

Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,

Thou must tell me to one penny what I
am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me; without any doubt,

How soone I may ride the whole world
about;

And at the third question thou must not
shrink;

But tell me here truly what I do think. —

O these are hard questions for my shallow
witt;

Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;

But if you will give me but three weekes
space;

Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give;

And that is the longest time thou hast to
live;

For if thou dost not answer my questions three;

Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
 And he rode to Cambrid e, and Oxenford;
 But never a doctor there was so wise,
 That could with his learning an answer
 devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
 How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome
 home;
 What newes do you bring us from good
 king John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must
 give;

That I have but three days more to live:
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his
 head,
 Among all his liege men so noble of birthe,
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him without any doubt,
 How soon he may ride this whole world
 about:

And at the third question I must not shrink,
 But tell him there truly what he does
 thinke."

Now

Now cheare up, fire abbot, did you never
hear yet,

That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your
apparel,

And I'll ride to London to answere your
quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your abbot
gowne,

There is none shall know us at fair Lon-
don towne.

'Now horses and serving men thou shalt
have,

With sumptuous array most gallant and
brave;

With crozier, and miter, and rochet and
cope,

Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

Now welcome, fire abbot, the king he did
say,

'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy
day;

For an if thou canst answer my questions
three,

Thy life and thy living both saved shall
bee.

And

And first when thou seeft me here in this
 ftead,
 With my crown of golde fo fair on my
 head,
 Among all my liege-men fo noble of birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"For thirty pence our Saviour was fold
 Among the false lewes, as I have bin told;
 And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke, thou art one penny worfer
 than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St.
 Bittel *),
 I did not think I had been worth fo littel!
 — Now fecondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How foone I may ride this whole world
 about.

"You muft rife with the fun, and ride with
 the fame,
 Untill the next morning he rifeth againe;
 And then your grace need not make any
 doubt,
 But in twenty-four hours you will ride it
 about.

The

*) Meaning probably St. Botolph.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
 I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
 — Now from the third question thou must
 not shrinke,
 But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

“Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace
 merry:

You thinke I’m the abbot of Canterbury;
 But I’m his poor shepheard, as plain you
 may see,
 That am come to beg pardon for him and
 for mee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the
 masse,
 Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his
 place!

“Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
 For alake I can neither write, ne reade.”

Four nobles *) a weeke then I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast showne unto
 mee;

And tell the old abbot when thou comest
 home,

Thou hast brought him a pardon from
 good king John.

*) A gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6. l. 8. d.

XVIII.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. I. p. 316.)

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I. was printed (for Mr. Percy's Collection) from the 4th edition of Davison's poems, etc. 1621. — *Francis Davison* was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother (Walter), who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found pieces by Sir I. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq.; but erroneously; for one edition of Davison's book was published in 1608., and Godolphin was born in 1610.

It

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspred her face;
Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love this way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
 That to the ground he fell with pain;
 Yet up again forthwith he start,
 And to the nymph he ran amain,

Amaz'd to see so strange a sight,
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
 The more his wounds, the more his might,
 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
 She blames her hand, she blames her
 skill;
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
 And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
 Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft;
 Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare,
 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
 That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd; and through that
 breast

Love found an entry to her heart;
 At feeling of this new-come guest,
 Lord! how this gentle nymph did start?

She

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shaft and bow:
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love sat on a tree,
And laught that pleasant fight to see.

XIX.

A HVE AND CRY AFTER CVPID.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. III. p. 159.)

This Poem, which is an imitation of the first Idyllium of Moschus is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of lord viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday 1608. One stanza full of dry mythology Mr. Percy omitted, as he found it dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'amour. Lond. 1660." 8vo.

Beauties, have yee seen a toy,
 Called Love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blinde;
 Cruel now; and then as kinde?
 If he be amongst yee, say;
 He is Venus' run-away.

Shee, that will but now discover
 Where the winged wag doth hover,
 Shall to-night receive a kisse,
 How and where herselfe would wish:

But

But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kisse and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie;
You may know him among twentie:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:
Which, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leape from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes, which outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharpe than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell;
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet:
All his practice is deceit,
Everie gift is but a bait:
Not a kisse but poyson beares;
And most treason in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then the fraggler makes his gaine,
By presenting maids with toyes,
And would have yee thinke hem joyes:
'Tis the ambition of the elfe,
To have all childish, as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him,
Though yee had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee 'le not abide him,
Since you hear this falser's play,
And that he's Venus' run-away.

XX.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

(Percy's Rel. of a. P., Vol. III., p. 78.)

From an ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys collection. In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure. A proof of its popularity.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester;
 And a chafer of the kings deere;
 Faire Ellinor was a fine woman,
 And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he
 sayd,
 And riddle us both as one,
 Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinor,
 And lett the browne girl alone?

"The browne girl she has got houses and
 lands,
 Faire Ellinor she has got none,

And

And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the browne girl home."

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinor,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so readye as faire Ellinor,
To lett Lord Thomas withinn.

What newes, what newes, lord Thomas, she
sayd,

What newes dost thou bring to mee?
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad newes for thee!"

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she sayd,
That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been thy bride myself
And thou to have been the bridegrome.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she
sayd,

And riddle it all in one,
Whether I shall goe to lord Thom's his wed-
ding
Or whether shall tarry at home?

"The

"There are manye that are your friendes,
 And manye a one your foe;
 Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
 To lord Thomas his wedding don't goe."

There are manye that are my friendes, mother,
 But if thousands there were my foe,
 Betide me life, betide me death,
 To lord Thomas his wedding I'll goe. —

She cloathed herself in gallant attire;
 And her merry men all in greene,
 An as the rid through every towne,
 They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate,
 She knocked there at the ring;
 And who was so readye as lord Thomas
 To lett faire Ellinor in!

"Is this your bride, fair Ellinor sayd?
 Me thinks she looks wonderous browne,
 Thou mightest have had as faire a woman
 As ever trod on the grounde."

— Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,
 Despise her not unto me;
 For better I love thy little finger
 Than all her whole bodée.

M

This

This browne bride had a little penknife,
 That was both long and sharpe,
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long
 She prick'd faire Ellinors harte.

— Oh! Chrifte thee save, lord Thomas hee
 fayd,

Methinks thou look'ft wonderous wan;
 Thou used'ft to look with as freſh a colour,
 As ever the ſun ſhone on. —

“Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas ſhe fayd,
 Or can'ſt thou not very well ſee?

Oh, doſt thou not ſee my owne hartes
 bloode

Run trickling down my knee?”

Lord Thomas he had a ſword by his ſide
 As he walked about the halle,
 He cut off his brides head from her ſhoul-
 ders,

And threw it againſt the walle.

He ſet the hilt againſt the ground,
 And the point againſt his harte;
 There never three lovers together did meete,
 That ſooner againe did parte.

XXI.

THE LADY TURNED SERVINGMAN.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. III. p. 313.)

— Is given from a written copy, containing some improvements, (perhaps modern ones) upon the old popular ballad, intitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men; or the Lady turned Serving-man."

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand,
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient baron's only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knights bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower,
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Than my true-love did build for mee.

M 2

And

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes, so fierce a band,
That soon they overrun the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in mans array,
I scant with life escap'd away.

In the midst of this extremitie
My servants all did from me flee;
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From faire Elise to sweet Williame.

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Resolv'd my mans attire to weare,
And in my beaver, hose, and band
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil
I fate me downe to rest a while;
My heart it was so fill'd with woe,
That down my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chang'd the king of that same place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And seeing me weepe, upon the same
Askt who I was, and whence I came?

Then to his grace I did roplye:
I am a poore and friendlesse boye;
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree. —

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
For thee a service I'll provyde;
But tell me first what thou canst do,
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

"Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To' tend on me when I shall dine?"

"Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard?
And I will give the great reward.

"Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place." —
Then I reply'd: If't please your grace,
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee. —

The

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde so faithfullie
That he great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide:
The king he would a hunting ride,
With all his lords and noble traine;
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind
My former state came in my mind;
I wept to see my mans array,
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,
Within the same myself I drest;
With sicken robes and jewels rare,
I deckt me as a ladye faire.

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play,
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

"My father was as brave a lord,
As ever Europe might afford;
My mother was a lady bright;
My husband was a valiant knight;

"And

"And I myself a ladye gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
The happiest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

"I had my musicke every daye,
Harmonious lessons for to play;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on mee.

"But now, alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled;
My former days are past and gone,
And I am now a serving-man!"

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I laid me lowe;
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a hunting gone,
Grew weary of his sport anone;
And leaving all his gallant traine
Turn'd on the sudden home againe.

And when he reach'd his statelye tower,
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen, and to see
Who sung there so melodiously.

Thus

Thus heard he everye word I fed,
 And saw the pearlye tears I shed,
 And found to his amazement there,
 Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in: "Faire ladye, rise,
 And dry, said he, thy lovelye eyes:
 For I have heard thy mournful tale,
 The which shall turne to thy avails."

A crimson dye my face o'erspred,
 I blusht for shame and hung my head,
 To find my sex and story knowne,
 When as I thought I was alone.

But to be brieft, his royal grace
 Grew so enamour'd of my face,
 The richest gifts he pruffered mee,
 His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,
 I'll rather in my grave be layd,
 And though your grace hath won my heart,
 I ne'er will act so base a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee,
 Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,
 And since it is soe fairlye tryde,
 Thou shalt become my royal bride.

Then

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
Hee tooke sweet William to his wife;
The like before was never seene,
A serving-man became a queene.

XXII.

LORD HENRY AND KATHARINE.

(See Percy's Rel. of. anc. Poet. Vol. II. p. 213.)

In ancient times, in Britain's isle
Lord Henry well was known,
Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deserv'd renown.

His thought on honour always run,
He ne'er could bow to love;
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

Amongst the nymphs where Katharine came,
The fairest face she thows;
She was as bright as morning-sun,
And sweeter than a rose.

Although she was of mean degree,
She daily conquests gains:

For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
Escap'd her powerful chains.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost;
Her cheek grew pale and wan;
A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
And cures were all in vain.

The sickness was to all unknown,
That did the fair one waste;
Her time in sighs and floods of tears,
And broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
"Oh Henry, I'm undone!
Oh cruel fate! oh wretched maid!
Thy love must ne'er be known."

"Such is the fate of womankind,
They must the truth conceal:
I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Ere I my love reveal."

A tender friend that watch'd the fair,
To Henry hy'd away:
My lord, says she, we've found the cause
Of Katharine's quick decay.

She in a dream the secret told,
Till now no mortal knew;

Alas!

Alas! she now expiring lies,
And dies, for love-of you.

The generous Henry's soul was touch'd,
His heart began to flame:
"Ah, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,
Yet I am not to blame!

Ay! Katharine! too too modest maid,
Thy love I never knew:
I'll ease your pain" — and swift as wind
To her bedside he flew.

"Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd;
Awake! awake! my dear!
If I had only guess'd your love,
You ne'er had shed a tear.

"'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
Renew thy wonted charms:
I come to save thee from despair,
And take thee to my arms."

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She started from the bed.

Around

Around his neck her arms she flung,
 I ecstasy, and cried:
 "Will you be kind? Will you indeed,
 My love?" — and so she died.

XXIII.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO
HIS LOVE.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. I. p. 218.)

This beautiful Sonnet is quoted in the *MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*, A. 3. sc. 1. and is ascribed (together with the *REPLY*) to Shakspeare himself by all the modern editors of his smaller poems. And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) *CHRISTOPHER MARLOW* wrote the *song*, and Sir *WALTER RALEIGH* the *NYMPH'S REPLY*. For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his *Compleat Angler*.

As for *Christoph. Marlow*, who was in high repute for his Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593.

Co-

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
All with a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our petty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivie buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

XXIV.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But

But could youth last, and love still breed;
 Had joys no date, nor age no need;
 Then those delights my mind might move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

XXV.

QUEEN ELIANOR'S CONFESSION.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. Poet. Vol. II. p. 155.)

Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croifade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen: Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged

raged by the disparity of age; not by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband, in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John. See Hume's Hist. 4to. Vol. I. p. 260. 307. Speed, Stow etc.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; what ever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

Queene

Queene Elianor was a sicke woman,
And afraid, that she should dye;
Then she sent for two fryars of France,
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three:
"Earl marshall, Ile goe thrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee!"

A boone, a boone, quoth earl marshall
And fell on his bended knee,
That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee!

Ile pawne mylandes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne and all,
That, whatsoever queene Elianor sayes,
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to queen Elianor goe,
Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, the quiristers sing,
And the torches did light them all.

N

When

When that they came before the queene,
They fell on their bended knee:
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee.

"Are you two fryars of France, the sayd,
As I suppose you bee?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree!"

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any masse,
Sith we came from the sea.

"The first vile thing that ever I did,
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde."

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, Amen! quoth earl marshall;
With a heavey heart spake hee.

"The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye:
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison king Henrye."

That's

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May god forgive it thee!
Amen amen! quoth earl marshall,
And I wish it so may bee!

"The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower."

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen amen! quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee!

"Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing off the balle?
That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
And I love him the best of all."

"Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes eldest sonne,
And I love him the worst of all."

"His head is fashyond like a bull;
His nose is like a boare. —
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
I love him the better therfore."

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
 And appeared all in redde:
 She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
 And sayd, she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shouldeſ,
 And a grimme look looked hee:
 Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe
 Or hanged thou shouldest bee.

XXVI.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

(Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. II. p. 141.)

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of King Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke (A. D. 1177.) where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze *); but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thriddle, or filke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford," (to which her father had been a great benefactor, and where had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life,) "with these verses upon her tombe:"

"Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non
Rosa munda,
Non redolet, sed olet, quae redolere solet."

In

*) Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See his note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

In this place her corps remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. Vid. Stow, Annals p. 159.

How the queen gained admittance to Rosamond's bower is differently related. —

Henry had two sons by Rosamond, which were William Longue-espé (or Longsword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffry bishop of Lincolne.

When as king Henry rulde this lande,
The second of that name,
Beside the Queen he dearly lovde
A fair and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour and her face;
And sweeter creature in this world
Could never Prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appear'd to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes,
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde!
Her name was called foe,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadly foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong;
And hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong;

And they so cunningly contrived
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.

But Fortune, that does often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile.

For

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realm of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewell thus he tooke.

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye!
The fairest flower in all the world,
To feed my fantasie;

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetnes doth excelle:
My Royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest rose a space,
And cross the Sea to famous France,
Proud rebels to abase.

But yet my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart, when hence I am
He beare my Rose with mee."

When

When Rosamond, that ladye bright,
Did heare the king say foe,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did shewe;

And from her clear and crystall eyes
The tears gusht out apace,
And, like the silver-pearled dew,
Ran downe her comelye face.

Her lipps, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale;
And for the sorrow she conceivde,
Her vital spirits fail.

And falling downe all in a swoone,
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princely armes,
Her body did embrace.

And twenty times with watery eyes
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivede again
Her senses mild and meeke.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"
The king did often saye:
"Because, quoth she, to bloodye warres
My Lord must part awaye.

"But

"But since your Grace on forrayne coastes,
Among your foes unkinde,
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I stay behinde?

"Nay, rather let me like a page
Your sword and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

"O lett me in your royal tent
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete bathes refresh your Grace,
At your return from fighte.

"So I your prefence may enjoy;
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you my life is death,
Nay death I'll rather chuse."

"Content thyself, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee,
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fitts not thee.

"Faïre ladies brooke not bloody warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes;
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowr's;
Gay feastes, not cruell fightes."

"My

"My Rose shall safely biding here,
With musick passe the day;
Whilst I among the piercing pikes
My foes seek far away.

"My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
Whilst I, in armour dighte;
Gay gaillards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte."

"And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste,
So bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
When I am parted hence."

And there withall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamonde for very grieve
Net one plain word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved fore:
After that day fair Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor
To Woodstock came anon.

And

And forth shee calles this trusty knight,
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him;
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

"Cast off from thee those robes, shee said,
That rich and costly bee;
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
Which I have brought to thee."

Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did fall;
And pardon of the queen she craved
For her offences all.

"Take pity on my youthfull yeares,
Fair Rosamonde did crye;
And lett me not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye."

"I will

"I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster byde;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world so wide.

"And for the fault, which I have done,
Though I was forced theretoe,
Preserve my life and punish mee,
As you think meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrung full often there,
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadly poison stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comelye dame to drinke,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shée did for mercy calle:
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life shée lost withalle,

And

And when that death through every limbe
Had showed its greatest spite,
Her chiefeft foe did plaine confesse,
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, near to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

XXVII.

JEALOUSY.

(See Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. III. p. 272.)

What state of life can be so blest,
 As love that warms the gentle brest!
 Two souls in one! the same desire
 To grant the bliss and to require!
 If in this heav'n a hell we find,
 'Tis all from thee,
 O Jealousie,
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind!
 All other ills, though sharpe they prove,
 Serve to refine and perfect love:
 In absence, or unkind disdaine,
 Sweet hope relieves the lover's paine:
 But oh, no cure but death we find
 To sett us free
 From Jealousie,
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind!

False

False in thy glafs all objects are,
 Some fett to near, and some too farre;
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns and gives no light:
 All torments' of the damn'd we find
 In only thee,
 O Jealouſie,
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind!

XXVIII.

AN OLD CAMBROBRITAN SONG OF
 THE BARD HOWEL'S.

“Among the walks on the banks of the Dee, the venerable remains of the neighbouring abby, and the arduous ascent of *Castell Dinas Brân*, are so engaging, that I believe no traveller of taste will think a repetition of them tedious. — The remains of the castle nearly cover the summit of a vast conoid hill, steeply sloped on every side. In the reign of Henry III. it was the retreat of Gryffydd ap Madog, who traiterously siding with the English against his countrymen, was obliged to secure himself in this aerial fastness.

In

In 1390. this Castle was inhabited by a celebrated beauty, descended from the house of TUDOR TREVOR, and whose father probably held under the earls of Arundel. The name of the lady was *Myfanwy Vechan*. She made a conquest of *Howel ap Einion Lygliw*, a celebrated bard, who composed the following ode, address'd to her; which an ingenious friend was pleas'd to favour me with in a English dress. *J. M. F. Schultze's* "England" Tom. II. p. 372.

Sorrowing I strike the plaintive string;
Deign, cruel maid, to hear me sing;
And let my song thy pride controul,
Divine enchantress of my soul!
Sure Creirwy's charms must yield to thine,
And Garwy's sufferings to mine.
Far from Myfanwys marble-towers
I pass my solitary hours.
O thou, that shinest like the sky,
Behold thy faithful Howel die!
In golden verse, in flowery lays,
Sweetly I sang Myfanwy's praise;
Still the disdainful haughty fair
Laughs at my pain and my despair.
What tho' thine eyes, as black as floes,
Vie with the arches of thy brows;
Must thy despairing lover die,
Slain by the glances of thine eye?

O

Fond-

Pensive, as Trystan, did I speed
 To Brân upon a stat'ly steed:
 Fondly I gaze; but hard's my doom;
 O fairer than the cherry's bloom!
 Thus at a distance to behold,
 Whom my fond arms would fain enfold!
 How swift, on Alban steed, I flew,
 Thy dazzling countenance to view!
 Tho' hard the steep ascent to gain,
 Thy smiles were harder to obtain.
 Thy peerless beauties to declare
 Was still thy zealous lover's care.
 O fairer thou, and colder too,
 Than new-fall'n snow on Arens *) brow!
 O lovely flow'r of Trevors race,
 Let not a cruel heart disgrace
 The beauties of thy heav'nly face!
 Thou art my daily thought; each night
 Presents Myfanwy to my sight;
 And death alone can draw the dart,
 Which love has fixed in my heart.
 Ah canst thou with ungentle eye
 Behold thy faithful Howel die?
 For thee my verse shall ever run,
 Bright rival of the midday-sun!
 Should'st thou demand thy lover's eyes,
 Gladly to thee I'd sacrifice
 My useless sight, that only shews
 The cruel author of my woes,

Re-

*) Aren is the name of a very high mountain in Merionethshire.

Refulgent in her golden bower,
 As Morning in her eastern tower.
 Thy name the echoing vallies round,
 Thy name a thousand hills resound,
 Myfanwy Vechan, maid divine!
 No name's so musical as thine;
 And every bard with rapture hung
 On the soft music of my song.
 For thee I languish, pine and rave,
 White as Dwr-dwy's *) curling wave.
 Alas! no words can speak my pain,
 While thus I love, but love in vain!
 Wisdom and Reason, what are they,
 What all the charms of Poesy,
 Against the fury of thy darts,
 Thou vanquisher of human hearts!
 When first I saw thee, princely maid,
 In scarlet robes of state array'd,
 Thy beauties set my soul on fire,
 And ev'ry motion fann'd desire:
 The more on thy sweet form I gaz'd,
 The more my frantic passion blaz'd.
 Not half so fine the spiders thread,
 That glitters on the dewy mead,
 As the bright ringlets of thy hair,
 Thou beauteous object of my care.
 But ah! my sighs, my tears are vain;
 The cruel maid insults my pain!
 And canst thou without pity see
 The victim of thy cruelty? —

O 2

Pale

*) Dwr-dwy, a Walish name, pronounced thus: Dow'r-dowy.

Pale with despair, and robb'd of sleep,
Whose only business is to weep? —
Behold thy bard, thy poet languish? —
O ease thy bard's, thy poet's anguish!
And for Heav'n's sake some pity shew,
Ere to the shades of night I go!
O! fairer than the flow'rs adorning
The hawthorn in a summer's morning!
While life remains I still will sing
Thy praise, and make the mountain ring
With fair Myfanwy's tuneful name;
And from misfortune purchase fame.
Nor even to die shall I repine,
So Howel's name may live with thine.

XXIX.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

(See Percy's Rel. of a P. Vol. II. p. 231.)

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in an other ballad, (viz. that of the *Winning of Cadiz*, called by the English sailors corruptly *Cales*) on June 21, 1596, under the Command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general, whose valour was no less distinguished on this occasion, than his generosity; for the town having been carried sword in hand, he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but miss'd of a much richer, by the resolution wick the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss, which

which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to 20 millions of ducats. See Hume's hist.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy;
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment,
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is to me,
O let me still sustain this kind captivity.

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heaviness:

Thou

Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?

Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:

Serpents lie where flowers grow."

All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous
knight,

God grant the same upon my head may fully
light.

Blessed be the time and season,

That you came on Spanish ground;

If you may our foes be termed,

Gentle foes we have you found:

With our city, you have won our hearts each
one,

Then away to your country bear, that is
your own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;

Rest you still, and weep no more;

Of fair lovers there are plenty,

Spain doth yield you wonderous store."

Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do
find,

But English throughout the world are coun-
ted kind.

Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for
thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife:
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in
Spain."

Ah! how happy is that woman,
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which from love and true affection did first
commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with
thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not
for me.

I will

I will spend my days in prayer,
 Love and all his laws defy;
 In a nunnery will I shroud mee,
 Far from any company:
 But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of
 this,
 To pray for thee and for thy love I will not
 miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
 Farewell too my heart's content!
 Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
 Though to thee my love was bent:
 Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee! —
 "The like fall ever to thy share, most fair
 lady."

XXX.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT,
A SCOTTISH SONG.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. II. p. 194.)

A lady of quality of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell (not the wife of that famous Earl of Bothwell, who forsook his spouse lady Jane Gordon, in order to be married with Mary Queen of Scotland), having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself, which Percy has given from a copy in his own folio MS. compared with another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe! *)
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:
 If thoust be silent, lse be glad,
 Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
 Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow

*) Balow a nursery term. hush, lullaby etc.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luvē,
And with his sugred *) wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow etc.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fathers hart and face to beire.
Balow etc.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair - eir he gae, whair - eir he ryde,
My luvē with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair - eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow etc.

But

*) When *sugar* was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
 To faynings fals thine hart incline;
 Be loyal to thy luer trew,
 And never change hir for a new:
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair.

Balow etc.

Bairne, fin thy cruel father is' gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
 My babe and I'll together live;
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve:
 My babe and I right fast will ly,
 And quite forgett man's cruelty.

Balow etc.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a womans mouth!
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee,
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us than they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

XXXI.

CUPID'S ASSAULT.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. II. p. 45.)

— By a certain lord Vaux, living at the
time of Queen Mary, and famous for his
utmost facility in making verses.

When Cupid scaled first the fort,
Wherein my hart lay wounded fore;
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I *Love* upon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:
And bad his fouldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that *Cupide* bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,
In silver and fable, to declare
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
In colours like to white and blacke,
With

With powder and with pelletes prest,
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the master of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assault! assault! to crye aloude.

There might you heare the canons rore;
Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent and tore
In any place wheras they toke.

And even with the trumpettes fowne
The scaling ladders were up fet,
And *Beautie* walked up and downe,
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first *Desire* began to scale,
And shrouded him under 'his' targe,
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And halberders with handy strokes;
The argabushe in Heshe it lightes,
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And

And, as it is the souldiers use,
 When shot and powder gins to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded for my livè grant.

When *Fansy* thus had made her breche,
 And *Beautie* entred with her band,
 With bagge and baggage, fely wretch,
 I yelded into *Beauties* hand.

Then *Beautie* bad to blow retrete,
 And every souldier to retire,
 And *Mercy* wyll'd with spede to set
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assayes,
 I yeld to you without delay
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye:
 Nedes must you with your handy warke
 Or salve my sore, or let me die.

XXXII.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME,
A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PIL-
GRIM AND A HERDSMAN.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. Poet. Vol. II. p. 78.)

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. *Erasmus* has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitious practised there in his time. See his account of the *Virgo parathalassia*, in his colloquy, intitled, "Peregrinatio religionis ergo." He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to our LADY OF WALSINGHAM. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image with another from Ipswich, was carried to

P

Chel-

Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners, who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery. PERCY.

Percy gave this Poem from his folio MS. and finding but vestiges of several stanzas and lines, attempted some conjectural supplements, which in our copy are distinguished by a larger character.

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone;
And very crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never foe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence;
Itt is foe grievous and foe ill.

"Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are
greene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes,

Yes, herdsman, yes! foe wouldst not say,
 If that thou knewest foe much as I;
 My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
 Have weil deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes, and sexe doe differ far:
 I am a woman, woe is me!
 Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My way-ward cruelty could kill:
 And though my teares will nought avail,
 Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere colde bee;
 Of comely mien and shape he was,
 And tenderly bee loved mee.

When thus I sawe he loved me well,
 I grewē foe proude his paine to see,
 That I, who did not know myselfe,
 Thought scorne of such a youth as bee.

And grew so coy and nice to please,
 As womens lookes are often foe,
 He might not kisse, nor hand, forsooth!
 Unless I willed him foe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secret place,
And there he dyed without releefe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and praye,
And ever will doe, till I dye;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For foe did hee, and foe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts, I thee pray;
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and readye way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still:
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And foe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

XXXIII.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY
LAND, DIALOGUE BETWEEN
A PILGRIM AND TRA-
VELLER.

(S. Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. II. p. 94.)

The scene of this song is the same as in the foregoing ballad. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. — This ballad was once very popular. It is quoted in *Fletcher's* Knight of the burning pestle. Act. 2. sc. ult. and in another old play, called: *Hans Beer-pot his invisible comedy* etc. 4to. 1618, Act. i. — Percy received a copy of it by Mr. Shenstone, as corrected by him from an ancient MS. and supplied with a concluding stanza.

As ye came from the holy land
Of 'blessed' Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love,
As by the way ye came?

"How should I know your own true love,
That have met many a one,

As

As I came from the holy land,
That have both come and gone?"

My love is neither white ^{*)}, nor browne,
Bus as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good fir,
With an angelicke face;
Who like a nymphe, and queene appeard
Both in her gait, and grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
And a new way doth take,
That some time loved thee as her life,
And thee her joy did make."

I that loved her all my youth,
Growe old now, as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.

For

For love is like a carelesse childe,
Forgetting promise past:
He is blind, or deaf, when ere he list;
His faith is never fast.

His 'fond' desire is fickle found,
And yielde a trustlesse joye;
Wonne with a worlde of toil and care,
And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
Or Loves faire name abusde,
Beneathe which many vaine desires,
And follyes are excusde.

But true love is a lasting fire,
Which viewless vestals *) tend,
That burnes for ever in the foule,
And knows nor change, nor end.

*) scil. Angels.

XXXIV.

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

(See Percy's Reliq. etc. Vol. III. p. 69.)

"**T**his sonnet is pretended to be of great antiquity: that and it's simplicity of argument have recommended it to a place here." PERCY.

Will ze gae to the ew-bughts*), Marion,

And wear in the sheep wi' mee?

The sun shines sweet, my Marion,

But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass,

And the blyth blinks in her ee:

And fain wad-I marrie Marion,

Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

• Thei-

*) *Ew-bughts* or *Ewe-boughts* (a Scottish expression) are small inclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive (Scoticè *weir*) their milch ewes, morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with *fale-dykes*, i. e. earthen dykes.

Theires gowd in your garters, Marion
 And filler *) on your white haufsbane:
 Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion,
 At eenē quhan I cum hame.
 Theires braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Quha gape and glowr **) wi' their ee
 At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;
 But nanē of them luvē like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
 A cow, and a brawney quhay ***):
 Ife gie tham au to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.
 And zees get a grein sey ****) apron,
 And waiftcote o' London broun;
 And wow *****) bot ze will be vapping,
 Quhaneer ze gang to the toun.

*) *And filler*. The vulgar reading is *filk*, but Percy prefers *filler* (silver), which he pretends to be doubtless the true reading. It is, says he, likely that Marion had a silver locket on, tied close to her neck (*haufsbane*, halfe-bane, halsbein, i. e. neck-bone, a phrase for neck) with a ribband. Such kind of ornaments were very commonly worn in this manner, formerly by young women in the North.

(**) *glowr*, Scott. for stare.

***) *quhay*, *quhey*, in Yorksh. called a whie, a heifer.

****) *Sey*, say, a kind of woolen stuff.

*****) *wow*, exclamation of wonder.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dance lik mee on the greine;
 And gin ze forsak me, Marion,
 Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
 Sae put on zour pearlins*), Marion,
 And kirtle oth cramafie;
 And sune as my chin has nae haire on,
 I fall cum west, and see zee.

XXXV.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

(Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. III. p. 82.)

This elegant little sonnet is found in the
 3. act of an old play, intituled "Alexander and
 Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebr-
 ted writer in the time of Q. Elizabeth. This
 play was first printed in 1591.

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
 At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows;
 His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose

Gro.

*) *pearlins*, a coarse sort of bone-lace,

Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these the cryſtal of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne;
 All theſe did my Campaſpe winne.
 At laſt he ſet her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did riſe.

O love! has ſhe done thus to thee?
 What ſhall, alas! become of mee?

XXXVI.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. III. p. 171.)

The ſubject of this very popular ballad (which has been ſet in ſo favourable a light by the Spectator No. 85.) ſeems to be taken from an old play, intituled, "Two lamentable Tragedies; The one of the murder of Maſter Beech, a chandler in in Thames-ftreete etc. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the conſent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601. 4to." Our ballad-maker has ſtrictly followed the play in the deſcription of the father and mother's dying charge; in the uncle's promiſe to
 take

take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to School; their chusing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, etc. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle: who in consequence of this impeachment is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, etc. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs thro' the whole performance, that had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection etc. PERCY.

Now

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lye,
And both possesse one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde.

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in golde,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd.

But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their unde should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here.

To God and you I recommend
My children deare this day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.

With that bespake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie.

And

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard. —

With lippes as cold as any stone;
They kist their children small:
God blefs you both, my children deare;
With that the tears did fall.

Theses speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your little ones
Dear sister, do not feare.

God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are laid in grave. —

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye.

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent,
And they that undertooke they deed,
Full fore did now repent.

Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life.

And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye.

And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for food complaine:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the towne.

Their prettye lippes with black-berries
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed,

Q

Thus

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief;
In one another's armes they died,
As wanting due relief.

No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'
Of any man receives,
Till Robin - red - breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell.

' His barnes were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His land were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and myserie.

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven yeares came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The

The fellowe that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to dye;
Such was Gods blessed will.

Who did confesse the very truth,
As here has been display'd:
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek:

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Left God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

XXXVII.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. III. p. 279.)

It would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient, nor yet it is altogether modern. The original is an old MS. poem in the Editor's (Mr. Percy's) possession; which being in a wretched corrupt state, the subject was thought worthy of some embellishments.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "La Bibliotheque des Romans, etc."

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original lines are,

"Over the dyke a bridge there lay
That man and best might passe away:
Under the bridge were sixty belles,
Right as the Romans telles;
That there might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gyn."

PERCY.
PART

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine.

The king of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride:
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cries
The hills and vallyes rend,

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild:
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child:

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
Of filk so fine and thin:
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all;
The courtiers gather'd round;
They look, they call, the mother seek,
No mother could be found.

At

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, king Pepin says,
This child is passing fair;
I wot he is of gentle blood;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may:
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day.

And look me out some cunning nurse;
Well nurtur'd let him bee;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;
And nurtur'd well was hee;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine
Belov'd of king and peers;
And shew'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But

But chief in gallant feates of armes
He did himself advance,
That ere he grewe to man's estate
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls
May bee reserv'd for mee. —

The first adventure shall be thine,
The king did smiling say;
Nor many days, when lo! there came
Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd,
And knelt as it was meet:
From Artoys forest we be come,
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods
There wends a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den:
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill:
For arms ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still. —

Up then rose sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed.
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow;
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the hast he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round:
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:
His face with fury frown'd.

Like

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat:
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize:
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shunn'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand:
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe:
And now, between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

But

AND SONGS.

251

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew;
And to sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaim.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere
Now liv'd sir Valentine:
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast;
And there came lords, and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups that freely flow'd,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound:
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Urfine by his side,
From court he takes his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair
Y - built of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Be-

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and open'd wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately stride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will,
He cried with hideous roar,
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore. —

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust:
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to brust.

Mad

Mad and outrageous with the pain
He whirl'd his mace of steel :
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew :
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick - darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush :
With such a force th'enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was was stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now, caytiff, breathe thy last!"

But

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend:
From Urfine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes:
The hairy youth repeats his blows:
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly fir Valentine reviv'd
With Urfine's timely care:
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murd'red knights
They found where'er they came:
At length within a lonelly cell
Thee see a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe:
And long fir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping sayd,
"Condole my wretched fate:
A childless mother here you see,
A wife without a mate.

These

"These twenty winters here forlorn
I've drawn my hated breath;
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king;
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

"With him I sweetly liv'd in love
A twelvemonth and a day:
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

"His seeming goodness wan him pow'r;
He had his master's ear:
And long to me and all the world
He did a faint appear.

"One day, when we were all alone,
He proffer'd odious love:
The wretch with horror I repuls'd,
And from my presence drove.

"He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd
His crime I'd not reveal:
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promis'd to conceal.

"With

“With treason, villainy, and wrong
My goodness he repay’d:
With jealous doubts he fill’d my lord,
And me to woe betray’d.

“He hid a slave within my bed,
Then rais’d a bitter cry:
My lord possest with rage, condemn’d
Me, all unheard, to dye.

“But ’cause I then was great with child,
At length my life he spar’d:
But bade me instant quit the realme,
One trusty knight my guard.

“Forth on my journey I depart,
Opprest with griefe and woe;
And tow’rds my brother’s distant court,
With breaking heart, I goe.

“Long time thro’ fundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along:
At length within a forest wild
I fell in labour strong:

“And while the knight for succour sought,
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast
Two lovely boys were born.

"The eldest fair and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar:
The younger's little body rough
With hairs was cover'd o'er.

"But here afresh begin my woes:
While tender care I took
To shield my eldest son from cold,
And wrap him in my cloak:

"A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seiz'd my younger son:
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run.

"But all forewearied, weak and spent,
I quickly swoon'd away;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
Longtime I lifeless lay.

"At length the knight brought me relief,
And rais'd me from the ground:
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

"And, while in search we wander'd far,
We met that gyant grim,
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

"But

"But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,
He offer'd me no wrong;
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immur'd so long."

Now, surely, sayd the youthful knight,
Ye are lady Bellifance,
Wife to the Grecian emperor:
Your brother's king of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime;
And long your lord hath sought you out
In many foreign clime.

And when no tydings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady said;
And dropt a joyfull tear:
Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?

But, madam, said sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee:
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see? —

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found,
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth? she said;
He much resembles thee:
The bear devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with beares was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stamp't a bloody rose. —
Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!

Then

Then clasping both her new-found sons,
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy!
His sister thus restor'd!
And soon a messenger was sent
To cheer her drooping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reign'd
In perfect love and peace.

To them sir Urfine did succeed,
And long the scepter bare;
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

XXXVIII.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. II. p. 323.)

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree among the old Cavaliers, was written by *Colonel Richard Lovelace* during his confinement in the Gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the house of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the country of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenae*, Vol. II., 228.; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

When love with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at my grates;

When

When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye —
The birds, that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie!

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grieve in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free —
Fishes, that tipples in the deepe,
Know no such libertie!

When, linnet-like, confined I
Whit shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud, how good
He is, how great should be —
Th'enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie!

Stone, walls, doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage!
If I have freedom in my loye,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie!

XXXIX.

THE FRIAR AND THE MAID.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. I. p. 243.)

Dispersed thro' Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into this little TALE.

One small fragment was taken from *Beaumont and Fletcher*. PERCY.

Mr. Bürger's admired ballad, which bears the title: Der Bruder Graurock und die Pilgerin, is an imitation of this beautiful TALE, the connecting of which (as remarks Mr. Aikin in his "Essay on Song-Writing," p. 41.) must naturally draw on far greater difficulties, than would have resulted from composing another one quite of his own for a genius such as Dr. Percy.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see. —

And how should I know your true love
From many other one? —
O by his cockle-hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone. *)

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyes of lovely blue. —

O lady he's dead and gone!
Lady he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Wit-

*) These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond the sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. *Warb. Shakspeare*. Vol. VIII. p. 224.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

7 | Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths so tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave,
Within yon kirk-yard wall. —

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone! —

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek. —

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove,
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish to live,
For thee I wish to die. —

Weep

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets pluck'd the sweetest flowers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly:
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past. —

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he:
But he is dead and laid in his grave;
Alas! and woe is me! —

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy:
For young men e'er were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy. —

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not foe:
My love he had the truest heart;
Oh! he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home: for evermore
And pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass-turf
That wraps his breathless clay. —

Yet stay, fair lady; rest a while
Beneath this cloyster wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold
wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall. —

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray:
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away. —

Yet

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears:
For see, beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true-love appears.

Here fore'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I fought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for me my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away:
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay. —

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart:
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part!

XL.

WINIFREDA.

(See Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. I. p. 328.)

This beautiful address to conjugal love (a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses) is printed in some modern collections as a translation "from the ancient British language"; how truly I know not. See the Musical Miscellany, vol. 6. 1731. 8vo.
PERCY,

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomish fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood:
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
IX And

And all the great ones, they shall wonder,
How they respect such little folk!

What tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess:
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall us each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet - smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet - smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

XLI.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA,
A MOORISH BALLAD.

AS TRANSLATED OR RATHER IMITATED FROM
SPANISH ORIGINALS BY D. PERCY.

(See Percy's Rel. of a P. Vol. I. p. 344.)

Softly blow the evening breezes;
Softly fall the dews of night:
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure;
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th'appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him;
Oft' he sighs with heart-felt care:

See,

See, fond youth! to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the loft benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain;

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies;

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
"Alla keep thee, lovely lady,
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?"

"Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?"

"An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;

S

But

But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows." —

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
"Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end!

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me,
My stern father breaks my heart:
Alla knows, how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,

Tho'

Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft' I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them,
All to force my hand combine,
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong:
Well my breaking heart assures me,
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this scarf a parting token;
When thou wear'st it, think on me!

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth." —

To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart.

Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd: "O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart!

"Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No, a thousand times I'll perish!
My curst rival too shall fall!

"Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee!" —

„'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure;
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming;
Hark, I hear my mother chide:
I must go; farewell for ever;
Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

XLII.

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. Poet. Vol. I. p. 227.)

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent Critic *) justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's BLOODY BROTHER, A. 5. sc. 2. Sewall and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by that "uncaring" author. — It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespeare's SONNETS reprinted by Lintot.

Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworne;
 And those eyes, the breake of day,
 Lights, that do misleade the morne:
 But my kisses bring againe,
 Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide,

*) Bp. Warburton. in his Shakesp.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XLIII.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. II. p. 145.)

Was given by M. Percy from an ancient copy in black print, in the Pepys collection. Mr. Addison has pronounced this an excellent ballad: See the Spectator, No. 248.

Mr. Bürger has translated this ballad into German, under the title, "Frau Schnips."

In Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
As Chaucer he doth write;
Who did in pleasure spend her dayes,
And many a fond delight.

Upon a time fore sicke she was,
And at the length did dye;
And then her soul at heaven's gate
Did knock most mightily.

First Adam came unto the gate:
Who knocketh there? quoth hee.
I am the wife of Bath, she sayd,
And faine would come to thee.

Thou

Thou art a finner, Adam sayd,
And here no place shalt have,
And so art thou, I trowe, quoth shee;
Now, gip, you doting knave.

I will come in, in spight, she sayd,
Of all such churles as thee;
Thou wert the causer of our woe,
Our paine and miserye;

And first brokest gods commandiments,
In pleasure of thy wife. —
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ranne away for life.

Then downe came Jacob at the gate;
And bids her packe to hell:
Thou false deceiving knave, quoth she,
Thou mayst be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,
And thine owne brother too.
Away slunk Jacob presently,
And made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
And Lot he chides her straite.
How now, quoth she, thou drunken as,
Who bade thee here to prate? —

With

With thy two daughters thou didst lye;
On them two bastardes got. —
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot.

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
With such shrill sounding notes? —
This fine minke surely came not here,
Quoth she, for cutting throats. —

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame,
When she heard her say foe!
King David hearing of the fame,
He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there so loud,
And maketh all this strife? —
You were more kinde, good Sir, she sayd,
Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause
In battle to be flaine,
Thou causedst far more strife than I,
Who would come here so faine. —

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,
That thus doth taunt a king. —
Not half so mad as you, she sayd,
I trowe, in manye a thing.

Thou

Thou had'st seven hundred wives at once,
For whom thou didst provide;
And yet, god wot, three hundred whores
Thou must maintaine beside:

And they made thee forsake thy god,
And worship stockes and stones;
Besides the charge they put thee to
In breeding of young bones.

Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,
Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd;
And therefore I do marvel much,
How thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
So vile a scold as this. —
Thou whore-son run-away, quoth she,
Thou diddest more amiss.

They say, quoth Thomas, womens tongues
Of aspen-leaves are made. —
Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
All is not true that's sayd.

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
She came unto the gate.
Quoth she, good woman, you must think
Upon your former state,

No

No sinner enters in the place,
Quoth Mary Magdalen. — Then
'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mine,
She answered her agen:

You for your honesty, quoth she,
Had once been ston'd to death,
Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation,
You are become divine:
I hope my soul in Christ his passion,
Shall be as safe as thine.

Uprose the good apostle Paul,
And to this wife he cryed,
Except thou shake thy sins away,
Thou here shalt be denyed.

Remember, Paul what thou hast done,
All through a lewd desire:
How thou didst persecute God's church,
With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
And to the gate he hies:
Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
Thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyselfe,
For mercye may be won;
I never did denye my Christ,
As thou thyselfe hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful soul,
Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercye she did crave.
Quoth he, Thou hast refus'd
My proffer'd grace, and mercy both,
And much my name abus'd. —

Sore have I sinned, Lord, she sayd,
And spent my time in vaine;
But bring me like a wandering sheepe
Into thy fold againe.

O Lord my god, I will amend
My former wicked vice:
The thief for one poor silly word
Past into paradise. —

My lawes and my commandiments,
Saith Christ, were knowne to thee;
But of the same, in any wise,
Not yet one word did yee.

I grant the same, o lord quoth she,
 Most lewdly I did live;
 But yet the loving father did
 His prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he sayd,
 Through thy repenting crye;
 Come enter then into my rest,
 I will not thee denye.

XLIV.

LUCY AND COLIN.

(See Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. III. p. 334.)

— **W**as written by THOMAS TICKEL, Esq;
 the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and
 editor of his works. He was son of a Cler-
 gyman in the north of England, had his edu-
 cation at Queen's college Oxon., was under-
 secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs,
 when successively secretaries of state; and
 was lastly (in June, 1724.) appointed secre-
 tary to the lords Justices in Ireland, which
 place he held till his death in 1740. He ac-
 quired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in
 praise

praise of the opera of Rosamond, written
while he was at the University.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffys limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice (you cannot hear),
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand (you cannot see)
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth -I die;
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone!
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kifs,
Nor think him all thy own!

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare:
But know, fond maid, and know, false
man,
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She

She spake; she dy'd; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept? —
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow;
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod
For ever he remains.

Of't at their grave the constant hine
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love-knots
They deck the sacred green.

But

But, swain forsworn, who'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear:
 Remember Collins dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

XLV.

THE DAMSEL DEPLORING.

— Taken from Gay's tragicomical Opera,
 intitled "What d'ye call it?"

'Twas, when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd:
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook:

"Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days:
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?

T

Cease,

Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let a lover rest!
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast? !

"The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair:
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear? !
Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can you say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain:
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spyd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

XLVI.

S O N G.

— From ALLAN RAMSAYS'S Tea-Table Miscellany, Edinburgh, 1775. Vol. II. p. 25.

Alexis shunn'd his fellow-swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund frains;
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks
 And wandering through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless wo.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek;
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd: but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,
 And she too kind concern exprest,
 And ask'd the reason of his wo;
 She ask'd; but with an air and mien,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

T 2

The

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head:

"And will you pardon me, he said,

While I the cruel truth reveal?

Which nothing from my breast should tear,

Which never should offend your ear,

But that you bid me tell? —

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,

Since you appear'd upon the plain;

You are the cause of all my care:

Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;

Ten thousand torments vex my heart;

I love and I despair..."

— Too much, Alexis, I have heard;

'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;

And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:

But you shall promise, ne'er again

To breathe your vows, or speak your pain. —

He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

XLVII.

ROBIN GOOD - FELLOW.

(See Percy's Reliq. etc. Vol. III. p. 202.)

— **A**lias PYCKE, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it:

"Tells how the drudging GOBLIN swet
To earn his crem-bowle duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classical mythology.

thology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed M. Percy was assured by a learned friend in Wales, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies, "The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to the next following Song.

This (which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson, tho' it is not found among his works) was given by M. Percy from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque. —

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
 What revell rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry bee,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!
 More

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thing that's done below the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night - sports they trudge
home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some trick
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox; sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them roud.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,

More

More swift than wind away I go,
 Ore hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with juncates fine;
 Unseene of all the company,
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
 And, to make sport,
 I fart and snort;
 And out the candles I do blow:
 The maids I kiss
 They shrieke — Who's this?
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
 At midnight I card up their wooll;
 And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still;
 I dresse their hemp, I spin their tow.
 If any wake,
 And would me take,
 I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
 I pinch the maidens black and blue;

The

The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
"I wixt sleepe and wake
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
"Twixt one another secretlye;
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When

When men do traps and engins set
 In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,
 Who from their foldes and houses get
 Their duckes and geese, and lambes and
 sheepe:

I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seeme a vermine taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guife;
 And to our fairye king, and queene,
 We chant our moonlight minstrellies.
 When larks gin sing,
 Away we fling;
 And babes new-borne steal as we go;
 An elfe in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlins time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.
 Fiends, ghosts and sprites,
 Who haunt the nightes,
 The hags and goblins do me know:

And

And beldames old
My feates have told:
So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

XLVIII.

THE FAIRY QVEEN.

(See Percy's Rel. of a. P. Vol. III. p. 207.)

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning FAIRIES. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in the modern nations of Europe, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called **DUERGAR OR DWARFS,**
and

and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaf Verelj. 1675. Hickes Thesaur. etc.

This song was given from an old black-letter copy.

Come, follow, follow mee,
Ye Fairy Elves, that be
Light tripping oer the greene,
Come follow Mab your queene:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
Because this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest;
Unheard, and un-esp'y'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stooles and shelves,
We trip it with our fairye elves.

And, if the house be foull
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up staires we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
Then we pinch their armes and thighes;
None heares us, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,

We

We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
Every night before we goe,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroomes head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The braines of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailles,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tayles of wormes, and marrow of mice
Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

Grashopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lightes us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grasse
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk:

Yet

Yet in the morning may be seene
Where we the night before have beene.

XLIX.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT OR LADY'S
POLICY.

(Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. II. p. 339.)

Given (with some corrections) from a MS.
copy, and collated with two printed ones in
Roman character in the Pepys collection.

There was a knight was drunk with wine
A riding along the way, fir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, fir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grafs lye downe - a:
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne - a.

Upon

Upon the grafs there is a dewe,
Will spoile my damask gowne, fir:
My gown and kirtle they are newe,
And coft me many a crowne, fir.

I have a cloak of ſcarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throw it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none ſhall know it.

O yonder ſtands my ſteed ſo free,
Among the cocks of hay, fir
And if the pinner ſhould chance to ſee,
He'll take my ſteed away, fir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of fineſt gold - a;
And, lady, it thy ſteed ſhall bring
Out of the pinner's fold - a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, fir:
And you ſhall have the beſt of all,
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, fir.

He mounted himſelf on his ſteed ſo tall,
And her on her dapple gray, fir:
And there they rode to her fathers hall,
Faſt pricking along the way, fir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about - a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without - a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir:
And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, sir.

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And whet it upon his sleeve - a:
And cursed, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe - a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown - a;
And curst be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down - a!

A tree there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir:
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary - gold - a:
He that would not when he might,
He shall not when he wold - a.

The

The knight was riding another day,
 With cloak and hat and feather:
 He met again with that lady gay,
 Who was angling in the river.

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
 You shall no more escape me;
 Remember, how not long agoe
 You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
 And trembled at the stranger:
 How shall I guard my maidenhead
 From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,
 In all his rich attyer;
 And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
 I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
 Who seemingly consented,
 And would no more disputing stand:
 She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good fir knight, I pray,
 Methinks I now discover
 A riding upon his dapple gray,
 My former constant lover.

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might;
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he founded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling;
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a;
Again she met with her angry sparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a:
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gent-

A gentle jest, in sooth! he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me;
What if I had in the river dy'd?
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure,

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance:
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance.

Then pulling off his boots half-way;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters:
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight, when she had served foe,
He fretted, fum'd and grumbled:
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir:
I'll send you my fathers serving men,
To pull of your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle:
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain - a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again - a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore - a:
I'll ride at once to her fathers hall;
She shall escape no more - a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand afeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought

Thought thee, sir knight, to quench your
rage,

Once more I will endeavour;
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, Sir:
Therefore acrofs the water come;
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the traicherous bait - a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate - a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, sir,
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier,

Over the moate I've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure:
Then step acrofs to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure.

The

These words she had no sooner spoke,
 But strait he came tripping over:
 The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke,
 And foud the unhappy lover.

L.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. III, p. 119.)

This Ballad came from the pen of **DAVID MALLETT** (properly Malloch, a Scot born about 1700., died in 1765.) Esq., who in the edition of his poems, 3. Vols. 1759, informs us, that the plan was suggested by four verses out of an old popular song, which he supposed to be the beginning of a ballad now lost.

"These lines, says he, naked of ornament, and simple, as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The

The two introductory lines (and one or two elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz,

"When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep, etc."

but were altered afterwards for the sake of the rhyme,

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an Aprilmorn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But

But love had, like the canker worm,
 Consumed her early prime;
 The rose grew pale and left her cheek;
 She dy'd before her time.

"Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain;
 Now yawning graves give up their dead
 To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath;
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth!

"Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why

"Why could you say, my lip was sweet,
And make the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you." —

The lark sung loud: the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hyed him to the fatal place,
Where Marg'ret's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

 LI.

 EDWIN AND EMMA.

By DAVID MALLET, Esq. See the foregoing ballad.

Far in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest and die.

The softest blush, that nature spreads,
 Gave colour to her cheek:
 Such orient-colours smile thro' heav'n,
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Non

Nor let the pride of great - ones scorn
This charmer of the plains;
That sun, which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And thō' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd,
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heartfelt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty, long to last,
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The

The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew;
Was all unfeeling, as the rock,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of different passions strove;
His heart, which could not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot,
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft' too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The

The parents now with late remorse
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd heav'n with fruitless pray'rs
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd: but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move:
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love.

She came, his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning-dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbad what Emma came to say:
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The church-yard-path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone,

Alone, appall'd, thus had she past
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad founding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling steps
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone, she cry'd, and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
Beat high against my side."
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

LII.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE,

A BALLAD.

— Taken from the "*Original Pieces*," added to *Aikin's Essay on Song-writing*, the second edition, 1774.

"One parting kiss, my Ethelinde!"
Young Edwin fault'ring cried:
"I hear thy father's hasty tread,
No longer must I bide.

"To-morrow eve in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thy own true love,
Whose only joy's in thee?"

She clasp'd the dear beloved youth,
And sigh'd and dropt a tear:
"Whate'er betide, my only love,
I'll surely meet thee there."

They kiss, they part; a list'ning page,
To malice ever bent,
O'erheard their talk, and to his lord
Reveal'd their fond intent.

The

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
And rage distain'd his cheek;
"Heav'ns, shall a vassal shepherd dare
My daughter's love to seek?"

"But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
Full sorely shalt thou rue;
Nor ever again, ignoble maid,
Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening fast did fall,
And darkness spread apace,
When Ethelinde with beating breast
Flew to th'appointed place.

With eager eyes she looks around,
No Edwin there was seen:
• "He was not wont to break his faith,
What can his absence mean?..."

Her heart beat high at every noise,
Each rustling thro' the wood;
And now she travers'd quick the ground,
And now she list'ning stood.

Enlivening hope and chilling fear
By turns her bosom share;
And now she calls upon his name,
Now weeps in sad despair.

Mean-

Mean-time the day's last glimmerings fled,
And blackening all the sky;
A hideous tempest dreadful rose,
And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghast, dismay'd;
Beholds with wild affright
The threatening sky, the lonely wood,
And horrors of the night.

"Where art thou now, my Edwin dear?
Thy friendly aid I want:
Ah me! my boding heart foretells,
That aid thou canst not grant."

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beats with
Confus'd and lost she roves;
Now looks to heaven with earnest pray'r,
Now calls on him she loves.

At length a distant taper's ray
Struck beaming on her sight.
Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps
Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt
In this sequester'd wild;
Calm goodness fate upon his brow,
His words were soft and mild.

X

He

He ope'd his hospitable door,
 And much admiring view'd
 The tendre virgin's gracious form,
 Dash'd by the tempest rude:

"Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,
 To this warm shelter'd cell;
 Here rest secure thy wearied feet;
 Here peace and safety dwell."

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
 And gently sought to know,
 With kindest pity's soothing looks,
 The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,
 When struck with dread they hear
 Voices confus'd with dying groans,
 The cell approaching near.

"Help, father, help!" they loudly cry,
 "A wretch here bleeds to death;
 Some cordial balsam quickly give
 To stay his parting breath."

All deadly pale they lay him down,
 And gash'd with many a wound:
 When, woful sight! 'twas Edwin self
 Lay bleeding on the ground.

With

With frantic grief poor Ethelinde
 Besides his body falls:
 "Lift up thine eyes, my Edwin dear,
 'Tis Ethelinde that calls. . ."

That much lov'd sound recalls his life,
 He lifts his closing eyes;
 Then feebly murmuring out her name
 He gasps, he faints, he dies. —

Stupid a while, in dump despair
 She gaz'd on Edwin dead;
 Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
 And life's warm spirit fled.

LIII.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

(See Percy's Rel. etc. Vol. II. P. 374.)

Was written by the ingenious author of
 LEONIDAS, on the taking of Porto Bello from
 the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22.
 1739. — The case of Hosier, which is here
 so pathetically represented, was briefly this.
 In April, 1726, that commander was sent
 X 2 with

with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the Ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's hist.

As near Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon fate all-glorious,
From the Spaniards late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly founding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then

Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hyed him,
Where the Burford *) rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:

Mark

*) The Admiral's ship.

Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my failors bold;
Lo, each hangs his dropping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty fail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying:
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Un-

Unrepining at that glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

LIV.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,
A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD.

(See Percy's Rel. of anc. P. Vol. I. p. 331.)

— **I**s founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers about the year 1763. Mr. Percy owed this Poem to the friendship of Dr. *James Grainger*, who stay'd in the island when this tragical incident happened, and was in 1765. an eminent physician there.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boats-crew slow,
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And who so his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,

Nor

Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong:
Right blithsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung;
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;

Well

Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:
His heart's blood dy'd the main.

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And soon was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

II.
NOVELS
AND
NARRATIVES
TOGETHER
WITH SOME OTHER POEMS
BY
MODERN HANDS.

— — — Pictoribus atque Poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper
fuit aequa potestas.

HORAT.

I.

THEODORE AND HONORIA FROM
BOCCACE.

— Taken from Dryden's "Novels."

Of all the cities in Romanian lands
The chief and most renown'd Ravenna
stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore, the brave, above the rest
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest,
The foremost place for wealth and honour
held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame,
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none),
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone.
His

His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing
gain'd;

For she, the more he lov'd, the more dis-
dain'd.

He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise;
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said:
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows,
could move;

The work went backward, and the more he
strove,

T'advance his suit, the farther from her
love.

Weary'd at last, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.

But pride stood ready, to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?

His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate; —
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to
hate.

But vainer that relief than all the rest:

The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd,
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd
his care;

He fought a fairer and found none so fair.

He would have worn her out by slow degrees;
As men by fasting starve th'untam'd disease;

But

But present love requir'd a present ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
 Feeds ling'ring death, but looking not he
 dies.

Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
 Wasting at once his life and his estate.
 His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
 Absence, the best expedient they could find,
 Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
 This means they long purpos'd, but little
 gain'd,
 Yet after much pursuit at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give con-
 sent,
 But struggling with his own desires he went,
 With large expence, and with a pompous train,
 Provided as to visit France or Spain,
 Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
 But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him
 short,
 Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
 Three miles he went, nor further could re-
 treat;
 His travels ended at his country-seat;
 To Chassi's pleasing plains he took his way,
 There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to
 stay.

The spring was in her prime; the neigh-
 b'ring grove

Sup-

Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning-walks, and lull'd his cares by
night.

There he discharg'd his friends, but not
th'expence

Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, tho' more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house, and heart, still open to receive;
As well content, as love would give him
leave.

He would have liv'd more free, but many a
guest,

Who could forsake the friend! pursu'd the
feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On ev'ry side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find.

'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he
fray'd;

The winds within the quiv'ring branches
play'd,

And dancing trees a mournful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care,

Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,

Lost in the wood, and all in love intent:

The

The knight came thund'ring on, but
from afar
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
"Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
"Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
"But give me leave, to seize my destin'd
prey,
"And let eternal justice take the way:
"I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
"And suffering death for this ungrateful
maid."

Stood Theodore, surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hairs
 upright:
Yet arm'd with inborn worth: "Whate'er, said
 he,
"Thou art, who know'st me better than I
 thee;

"Or

"Or prove thy rightful cause, or be de-
fy'd." —

The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:

"Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,

"And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.

"One common fire our fathers did beget,

"My name and story some remember yet:

"Thee, then a boy, within my arms I layd,

"When, for my sin, I lov'd this haughty maid,

"Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,

"Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.

"What did I not, her stubborn heart to gain!

"But all my vows were answer'd with disdain;

"She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my
pain.

"Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless
care;

"Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep de-
spair,

"To finish my unhappy life I fell

"On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd
in hell.

"Short was her joy; for soon th'insulting
maid

"By heav'n's decree in this cold grave was
laid.

"And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,

"Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd
for her pride:

"Because she deem'd, I well deserv'd to die,
"And

"And made a merit of her cruelty,
 "There then we met; both try'd and both
 were cast,
 "And this irrevocable sentence pass'd:
 "That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
 'Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring
 pain;
 "Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
 "I daily doom'd to follow, she to flee.
 "No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
 "I seek her life (for love is none below);
 "As often as my dogs with better speed
 "Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed;
 "Then with the fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
 "I pierce her open back, or tender side,
 "And tear that harden'd heart from out her
 breast,
 "Which with her entrails makes my hungry
 hounds a feast.
 "Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain,
 "Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
 "Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain."

This, vers'd in death, th'infernal knight
 relates,
 And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates:
 Her heart and bowels to the back he drew
 And fed the hounds, that help'd him to
 pursue.
 Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
 Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill,
 Off

And

And now the soul, expiring thro' the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:

"Behold the fruit of ill rewarded pain:

"As many months as I sustain'd her hate,

"So many years is she condemn'd by fate,

"To daily death: and ev'ry sev'ral place,

"Conscious of her disdain, and my disgrace,

"Must witness her just punishment, and be

"A scene of triumph and revenge for me.

"As in this grove I took my last farewell,

"As on this very spot of earth I fell,

"As Friday saw me die, so she my prey

"Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day."

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground,

Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,

And unconcern'd for all she felt before

Precipitates her flight along the shore:

The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food.

The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd
with awe,

And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing natu-
re's law.

He

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to
wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression
make,

Tho' strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such, as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend?
But yet reflecting, that it could not be
From heav'n, which cannot impious acts de-
cree,

Resolv'd within himself, to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heav'n he homeward took
his way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:

"What you have often counsell'd, to remove
"My vain pursuit of unregarded love;

"By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,

"Too late, yet is at last become my care:

"My heart shall be my own; my vast ex-
pence

"Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;

"This only I require: invite for me

"Honoria, with her father's family,

"Her

"Her friends and mine. The cause I shall
display

"On Friday next; for that's th'appointed
day."

Well pleas'd were all his friends; the task
was light;

The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast,
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.

The day was come; the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th'inexorable dame:
And feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much cost, much care, and much magnifi-
cence.

The place ordain'd was in the haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:

The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flow'rs below, and tissue overhead:

The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place
Was artfully contriv'd, to set her face

To front the thicket, and behold the chace.

The feast was serv'd, the time so well fore-
cast,

That just when the desert and fruits were
plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,

Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd
the ground.

Honoria, with her father's family,

"Her" Nor

Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distressed, and mastiffs mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing thro' the
wood,

And next the famish'd hounds that fought
their food,

And grip'd their flanks, and oft essay'd their
jaws in blood.

Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his
dogs to speed.

She ran and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place, ordain'd for
punishment.

Loud was the noise, agast was ev'ry guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the
feast,

The hounds at nearer distance hoarsly bay'd,
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid;
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, im-
ploring aid.

The valants to protect the lady's right,
Their fashions brandish'd at the grisly
spright;

High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight,
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength, before he
spoke.

"Back

"Back on your lives, let be, said he, my
prey;

"A let my vengeance take the destin'd way.

"Vain are your arms, and vainer your de-
fence

"Against th'eternal doom of providence.

"Mine is th'ungrateful maid by heav'n de-
sign'd;

"Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall
she find."

At this the former tale again he told,

With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to be-
hold:

Sunk were their hearts with horror of the
crime,

Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,

But bore each other back: some knew the
face,

And all had heard the much lamented case

Of him, who fell for love, and this the fa-
tal place.

And now th'infernal minister advanc'd,

Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanch'd

Her back, and piercing thro' the inmost
heart

Drew backward, as before, th'offending
part.

The reeking entrails next he tore away,

And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.

The pale assistants on each other star'd,

With gaping mouths, for issuing words pre-
par'd;

The

The fill-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring tongue.
The fright was general; but the female
band

(A helpless train!) in more confusion stand:
With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done,
For conscience rung alarm, and made the
case their own.

So spread upon a lake with upward eye
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all
attend

On whom the fowling eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heav'n's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.

'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with
fear;

Still on the table lay th'unfinish'd cheer;
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood
around,

The mangled dame lay breathless on the
ground;

When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death.

Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter
staid,

But

But follow'd, as before, the flying maid.
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging
sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he
spurr'd;
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her
light,
And Nature stood recover'd from her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Soome deep designs; which when Honoria
view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd:
She thought herself the trembling dame, who
fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infer-
nal steed:
The more dismay'd; for when the guests
withdrew,
Their courteous host saluting all the crew,
Regardless past her o'er, nor grac'd with kind
adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse re-
new'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None

None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore;

• Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more;

The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At ev'ry little noise / *she* look'd behind;

For still the knight is present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost come thun-
d'ring for his prey.

Return'd she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the fun'ral
feast:

Awak'd she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her
brain,

And the same dreams return'd with double
pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to
sleep,

Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, disfracted in her mind,
And feard, at ev'ry step, a twitching spright
behind.

Darkling and desp'rate, with a stagg'ring
pace,

Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart
assail'd,

Pride

Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.

Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought, the fiend would change his game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their pack, to hunt her o'er the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desprate, any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope, and now began
To make reflexion on th'unhappy man.

Rich, brave, and young who, past expression lov'd,

Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him, with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd,

So had another been, where he his vows address'd.

This quell'd her pride; yet other doubts remain'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.

The fear was just; but greater fear prevail'd,

Fear for her life, by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowring leave; but who can tell,

What

What outward hate might inward love conceal?

Her sex's arts she knew, and why not then
Might deep dissembling have a place in
men?

Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy;

Death was behind; but hard it was to die.

'Twas time enough at last on death to call,

The precipice in sight; a snub was all,

That kindly stood betwixt, to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had belov'd above the rest;

Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;

And now the chearful light her fears
dispell'd,

She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,

But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:

With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,

If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.

The welcome message made, was soon received;

'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce
believ'd;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;

He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,

Should he delay the moment of consent.

There

There yet remain'd, to gain her friends
(a care,
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the case embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin' beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide:
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the dev'l design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

II.

JANUARY AND MAY, OR THE MERCHANT'S-TALE.

— Imitated from Chaucer's Merchant's-tale by *Alex. Pope*. Our German Readers may compare an imitation of both these Narratives, which *Mr. Wieland*, has inserted to his "Oberon." (Cant. VI. Stanz. 36. to 164.) *M. De La Fontaine's* Novel, intituled: "La Gageure des trois Commeres," wherein Boccaccio's original Narrative is imitated by this wit in his own way, falls not short of both the English imitations.

There liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight,
Of gentle manners, and of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;

Yet let astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say, what they
could,

Weak, sinful laymen were but flesh and
blood.

Z

But

The marry'd man may bear his yoke with
 ease,
 Secure, at once himself and Heav'n to please,
 And pass his unoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, in innocence all day;
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse re-
 mains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious ton-
 gues will spare?
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair;
 With matchless impudence they stile a wife
 The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of
 life;
 A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night-invasion, and a midday-devil.
 Let not the wife these scandalous words re-
 gard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
 All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n;
 A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
 Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows pass and glide away;
 One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
 Abundantly supplies to all our life:
 This blessing lasts (if those, who try, say
 true)
 As long as heart can wish — and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest,

With mournful looks the blissful scene survey'd,

And wander'd in the solitary shade:

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best, reserv'd of God.

A wife! ah, gentle Deities! can he,
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow
wife.

'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife;
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th'Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober
life,

Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a
wife.

His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
As men that ask advice are wont to be.

"My friends, he cry'd, and cast a
mournful look

Around

Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke;
"Beneath the weight of threescore years I
bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my
end;

How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In wordly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease:
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one,
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content,
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be
old;

There goes a faying (and 'twas shrewdly
said.)

Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face.

In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw and tough forage at the best.

No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed.

As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice married dames are mistresses o' th'
trade;

But

But young and tender virgins, rul'd with
 ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we
 please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense
 amiss;

'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me!)
 knows?

Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die;
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost for which I wed:
 To raise up seed to bless the Pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:
 Those that are blest with store of Grace
 divine,
 May live like saints by Heav'n's consent and
 mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me
 say
 (As, thanks my stars, in' modest truth I
 may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
 Think not my virtue lost, tho' Time has shed
 These

He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which the all de-
clam'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with rea-
son blam'd;
Till (with what proofs, objections and replies,
Each wondrous positive and wondrous wise!)
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

**"Such prudence, Sir, in all your words ap-
pears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with
years!**

Yet you pursue sage Salomon's advice,
To work by counsel, when affairs are nice;
So

But with the wife Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners and their
ways;

And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this: Your Honour's in the
right.

Th'assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.

**This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine, and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
At least your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joy of sense,
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence."**

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus with a philosophic frown began:

"A Heathen author of the first degree
(Who, tho' not faith, had sense as well as we)

Bids

Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person than your Gods away;
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or
civil,

Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune
rare.

Ah! gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus com-
mend;

And, spite all praises, freely must declare,
All he can find, is bondage, cost, and
care.

Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private
tear,

And sigh in silence, lest the world shou'd
hear,

While all my friends applaud my blissful
life

And swear, no mortal's happier in a wife,
Demure and chaste as any Vestal nun,
The meekest creature, that beholds the sun;
But,

The Knight should marry when and where
he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ,
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind
possest,

And reign'd, the short-liv'd tyrant of his
breast;

While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his
heart.

Thus, in some public forum, fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charm the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue,
blest;

And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should
obey,

He fix'd at last upon the youthful May:
Her faults he knew not, Love is always
blind,

But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much

Much in his prudence did our Knight
rejoice,
And thought, no mortal could dispute his
choice.

Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them, all their pains were at an end.

"Heav'n that (said he) inspir'd me first to
wed,

Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet and my future blifs.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and
wife,

Chaste, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly
born,

Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.

Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,
To pass my life in sanctity and ease;

And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my blifs with
none!

If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure."

One only doubt remains, full oft' I've
heard,

By casuists grave and deep divines averr'd,

That 'tis too much for human race to know
The blifs of heav'n above and earth below:

Now

Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so
great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for
these;
Then clear my doubt, and set my mind at
ease."

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen
controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
"Sir Knight", he cry'd, if this be all your
dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er
you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state
approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair,
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair
One that may do your bus'ness to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your
way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall
go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ;
Let

Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear."

So said, they rose, nor more the work
delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon
comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye:
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are
kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd; to church the parties
went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient
wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the Pow'rs, the fruitful bed to
bliss,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And

And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the
bride.

The breathing flute's soft notes are heard
around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the
trembling string.

Not thus Amphion touch'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the
martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to
grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place;
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry
knight;
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage
try
No less in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyful nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The

Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
 His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no
 rest:

His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie, till his relenting dame
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light,
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
 Then rose the guests, and, as the times re-
 quir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd
 t'undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess;
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
 Satyrion near with hot eringoes stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhy-
 mes,
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride
 undrest,

A a

The

The room was sprinkled, and the bed was
blest.

What next ensu'd, beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so
light,

As all were nothing he had done by night,
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay;
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast,
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last. —

But anxious cares the pensive Squire op-
press'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his
breast.

The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping, time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May,
Which, writ, and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was
run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the
sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous
bride;

The

The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her
side.

High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call:
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy
lord,

Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her
train,

To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

Th'obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May,
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly
drew,

A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs di-
vine

With secret vows to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay;
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning
light.

What then he did I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
Or did from Chance or Nature's pow'r proceed,
Or that some star with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selected influence from above:
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame,
Receiv'd th'impressions of the love-sick
Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye Fair! draw near, let May's example
move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been
found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd;
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my Tale. Some Sages have de-
fin'd
Pleasure the sovereign blis of human kind:
Our Knight (who studied much, we may sup-
pose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those:
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was

Was compact round with walks of solid stone;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace
 (Tho' god of gardens) of this charming place;
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels
 crown'd.

About this spring (if ancient Fame say true)
 The dapper elves their monthly sport pursue;
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen
 In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft' re-
 pair,
 His scene of pleasure and peculiar care.
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat
 He us'd from noise and business to retreat,
 And here in dalliance spend the live long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May,

For

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden *l*ped.

But ah! what mortals live of blifs secure?
How short a space our wordly joys endure!
O Fortune! fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster! form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his
mind,

For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and
day,

Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft' in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft'; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
For, oh! 'twas fix'd: she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not re-
frain,

By secret writing to disclose his pain;
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till

Till both were conscious what each other
meant.

Ah! gentle Knight, what could thy eyes
avail,
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Then be deluded, when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes.
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who wisely never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to
bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th'impression to the trusty Squire;
By means of this a wonder shall appear,
Which in due place and season you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of
yore,
What flight is that which Love will not ex-
plore?
And Piramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats, true lovers, when they list, can
do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of
all,
They

They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to
stray,
It happ'd that once, upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous
play;
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

"Awake, my love! disclose thy radiant
eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady! rise:
Hear how the doves with pensive notes com-
plain,
And in soft numbers tell the trees their pain.
The winter's past, the clouds and tempest fly,
The sun adorns the field, and brightens all
the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry shining part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart,
Come and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age!"

This heard, to Damian straight a look
she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd;
Secret and undescry'd he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

"Here let us walk," he said, "observ'd
by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world un-
known;
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect, what truth was in my passion shown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true
Knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob my of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
At first, the love of Christ himself you gain,
Next your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must
move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love.

Make

Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's
sun

Displays his light, by Heav'n, it shall be done.

I seal the contract with a holy kiss,

And will perform, by this, my dear — and
this —

Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord
unkind;

'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind:

For when thy charms my sober thoughts en-
gage,

And join'd to them my own unequal age,

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,

Such secret transports warm my melting
heart:

For who, that once possess these heav'nly
charms,

Could live one moment absent from thy
arms?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace
reply'd,

(Weak was her voice; as, while she spoke,
she cry'd)

"Heav'n knows," with that a tender sigh she
drew,

"I have a soul to save as well as you,

And, what no less you to my charge com-
mend,

My dearest honour will to death defend.

To you in holy church I gave my hand,

And

And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band;
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I
 swear:

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
 And let me hence to hell alive descend,
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well,
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race:
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name:
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect;
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me,
 These doubts, and fears of female constancy?
 This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear."

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance
 she cast,
 Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she
 past:
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
 'Twas charg'd with fruit, that made a goodly
 show,
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry
 bough.
 Thither th'obsequious Squire address'd his pace;
 And, climbing, in the summit took his place,
 The

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale
pursue.

'Twas now the season, when the glo-
rious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had
run,
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry
fields:
Clear was the day, and Phoebus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light.
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden
streams,
And warm'd the womb of Earth with genial
beams.

It so befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the green-sward
bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd
the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry
plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green
Thus,

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,

How constant, chaste, and virtuous women
are;

Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their
breath,

Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death,
And witness next, what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have
shown,

That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone,
Who only is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst; shall women then be
weigh'd

By ev'ry word, that Solomon has said?

What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)

Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts,

He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,

And did as much for idol gods, or more.

Beware what lavish praises you confer,

On a rank leacher and idolater,

Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,

Did but for David's righteous sake permit;

David! the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,

Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must
speak;

Silen-

Silence would swell me, and my heart would
break:

Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n, these authors are our sex's foes,
Whom in our right I must and will oppose."

"Nay," quoth the King, "dear Madam,
be not wroth;
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath
That this much-injur'd knight again should
fee,
It must be done — I am a king, "saïd he,
"And one whose faith has ever sacred been."

"And so has mine," she said, "I am a
Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list, and you shall find, my
Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."

We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again,
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay.
This was his song: "Oh! kind and constant
be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her
love

Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above,
She stopp'd, and sighing: "Oh good Gods,
she cry'd,

"What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my
side?

O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal
Queen!

Help, dearest Lord! and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant and thy longing wife."

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's
cry,

But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?

"And must I languish then," she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?

At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to
take;

Then from your back I might ascend the
tree;

Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."

"With all my soul," he thus reply'd
again,

B b

"I'd

"I'd spent my dearest blood to ease your
pain."

With that his back against the trunk he
bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies
all,

Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure, it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring
knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight:
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse
intent:
But when he saw his besom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be exprest;
Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his
hair;

"Death! Hell! and Furies, what dost thou do
there?" —

"What

“What ails my Lord? “the trembling dame
reply’d;

“I thought your patience had been better try’d:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur’d the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow’r of magic prove;
“Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much
love.

“If this be struggling, by this holy light,
‘Tis struggling with a vengeance! “quothe the
Knight.

“So Heav’n preserve the fight it has restor’d,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor’d,
Whor’d by my slave — perfidious wretch!
on these rebels thou may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.”

“Guard me, good Angels!” cry’d the
gentle May,

“Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper
way!

Alas! my love, ’tis certain, could you see,
You ne’er had us’d these killing words to me;
So help me Fates, as ’tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm’ring of a doubtful light.”

“What I have said “quothe he, I must
maintain,

For, by th'immortals Pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain." —

"By all these Pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,"

Reply'd the dame, are these the thanks I find;
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!"

She said: a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women when they list can cry).

The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd

Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd!

"Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no

more:
Excuse me, Dear! if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made;
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
By Heaven I swore but what I *thought* I saw!"

"Ah! my lov'd Lord, 'twas much unkind,
she cry'd

"On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride;
But till your sight's establish'd, for a while
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,

The

The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden
light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim
before your sight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly
deem;
Heav'n knows, how seldom things are what
they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife un-
kind;
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think
amiss."

With that she leap'd into her Lord's em-
brace,
With well dissembled virtue in her face:
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and
o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both pleas'd and blest renew'd their mutual
vows,
A fruitful wife and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our Tale, whose *moral* next
to make,
"Let all wise husbands hence example take,
And

And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives."

III.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

(See Gay's Works, Dublin, 1730. Vol. II.)

A man may lead a happy life
Without that needful thing, a wife:
This long have lusty Abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses — of their own.

What, though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs and beds compleat;
Though you can each day invite a friend,
Though he should every dish commend,
On Bagshot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brandford born and bred;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest Toast:
Yet there are other things required:
Ring, and let's see the maid you hired.
— Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room!
A batchelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use — to sweep;

Let

Let her his humour understand,
And turn to ev'ry thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her shift be seldom seen,
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries: Oh Dear Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys gingle at her side,
A footman's blunders tease and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty,
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce
For Betty's, for his master's, use.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk? —
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid;
Beside your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver-spoons in pawn,
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring trade?
For Love all Betty's wants supplies,

Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes;
 All her stuff suits she flings away,
 And wears thread fatten ev'ry day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire,
 Brown as the hearth of kitchinfire?
 When all must own, were Betty put
 To the black dutys of the slut,
 As well she scowers or scrubs a floor,
 And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid a greater vice,
 I knew a Priest of conscience nice,
 To quell his lust for neighbours spouse,
 Keep fornication — in his house.

But you're impatient all this time,
 Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
 Be satysfy'd. I'll talk no more,
 For thus my tale begins. — —

Of oyre

There dwelt at *Blois* a Priest full fair;
 With rolling eye and crisped hair;
 His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
 Plenty lay basking on his cheek,
 Whole days at cloyster grates he sat,
 Ogled, and talk'd of this and that,
 So feelingly; the Nuns lamented,
 That double barrs were e'er invented.

If

If he the wanton wife confest,
With downcast eye, and heaving breast,
He stroak'd her cheek, to still her fear,
And talkd of sins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoyn'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At ev'ry jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernant was, a welcome guest,
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
But shar'd the sins, which they confest.
Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for ev'ry social duty;
He meddled with no household cares;
To her consign'd his whole affairs;
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious — at his ease:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage ev'ry chest and box,
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.

In troth, it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogs-heads all a-row;
One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd.

Pour

Pour faire bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
 To all but choicest friends deny'd.
 He now and then would sent a quart
 To warm some wife's retentive heart
 Against confession's sullen hour :
 Wine has all secrets in his pow'r.
 At common feasts it had been waste,
 Nor was it fit for layman's taste;
 If monk or friar were his guest,
 They drank it, *for they know the best*.
 Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
 He always drank it, when alone.
 Who shall recount his civil labours,
 In pious visits to his neighbours?
 Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
 He guest their wives were in the way;
 'Twas then his Charity was shown,
 He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom;
 He knew friend *Dennis* was from home;
 His wife, (a poor neglected beauty,
 Defrauded of a husbands duty)
 Had often told him at confession,
 How hard she struggled gainst transgression.
 He now resolves, in heat of blood,
 To try how firm her virtue stood.
 He knew that wine (to love best aid)
 Has oft' made bold the shamefac'd maid,
 Taught her to romp, and take more free-
 doms,

Than

Than nymphs train'd up at *Smiths* or *Need-*
hams.

A mighty bottle frait he chose,
Such as might give two Friars their dose:
Nannette he call'd, the cellar door
She frait unlocks, descends before;
He follow'd close. But when he spys
His fav'rite cask, with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he crys;
"Heigh day! my darling wine astoop!
"It must, alas! have sprung a hoop." —
"That there's a leak is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid). I'll find it out."

She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waste,
The hogs-head's mouldy side ascends,
She straddles white, and downward bends; |
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose high, her master saw — —
"I see" — he crys (then clasp'd her fast)
"The leak, through which my wine has past."

Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So *Dennis'* brows remain'd unplanted.
E'er since this time all lusty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)

Look

Look on the sex, as leaky barrels.
 Beware of these, ye jealous spouses,
 From such like coopers guard your houses:
 For if they find not work at home,
 For jobs through all the town they roam.

IV.

THE EQUIVOCATION.

(See Gay's Works, Dublin 1730. Vol. II.)

An Abbot rich (whose taste was good
 Alike in science and in food)
 His Bishop had resolv'd to treat;
 His Bishop came, the Bishop eat;
 'T was silence, 'till their stomach fail'd,
 And now at Hereticks they rail'd.
 "What Heresy (the Prelate said)
 Is in that Church where Priests may wed!
 Do not we take the Church for life?
 But those divorce her for a wife;
 Like laymen keep her in her houses,
 And own the children of their spouses."

"Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
 For pious use were set aside!"

Is

Shall we take wives? — marriage at best
Is but carnality profess."

Now as the Bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our Abbots buxom lass,
Who cross'd the room; he mark'd her eye,
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
"Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate crys)
A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues, to give us scandal.
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all our maids be turn'd of fifty."

The Priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
But your chaste precepts well observ'd,
That lass full twenty five has told,
I've yet another, who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast,
So both my maids have fifty past."

The Prelate smil'd, but durst not blame
For why? — His Lordship did the same.

Let those, who reprimand their brothers,
First mend the faults they find in others.

V.

THE MAD-DOG.

(From Gay's Works, Vol. II. Dublin, 1730.)

A Prude, at morn and ev'ning prayer
 Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
 Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
 As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
 And when devotion warm'd the crowd,
 None sung, or smote their breast so loud:
 Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
 With all the meagre signs of grace.
 Her mass-book was compleatly lin'd
 With painted Saints of various kind:
 But when in ev'ry page she view'd
 Fine Ladys, who the Flesh subdu'd,
 As quick her beads she counted o'er,
 She cry'd — "Such wonders are no more!"
 She chose not to delay confession,
 To bear at once a year's transgression,
 But ev'ry week set all things even,
 And ballanc'd her accounts with heaven.

Behold her now in humble guise,
 Upon her knees, with downcast eyes

Be-

Before the Priest she thus begins,
And sobbing, blubbers forth her sins.

"Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;
I strove — till I could strive no longer,
How can the weak subdue the stronger?"

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft the frailty was repeated?
Thus I have seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The Judges (weld by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.
And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads;
Shows her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips; — perhaps to prayer!
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
— The clock has struck, the hour is past, A
And on the spur of inclination,
She scornd to birk her assignation.

Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same;

The

The Priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.

But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow? —
No, none: for next time in the grove
A *bank* was conscious of her love.

Confession day was come about,
And now again it all must out,
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes.
"What now, my child?" the father cries.
"Again! — —" says she! — With threat-
ning looks
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.

"Madam, I grant; there's something
in it;
That virtue has th'ungarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of ungarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What, ev'ry day! and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day *slander* is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
The

By

By use her fav'rite vice she loaths,
 And loyes new follies like new cloaths:
 But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
 Have all sin center'd near your waste!
 Whence is this appetite so strong?
 Say, Madam, did your mother long?
 Or is it lux'ry and high dier,
 That won't let virtue sleep in quiet?"

She tells him now with meekest voice,
 That she had never err'd by choice,
 Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
 Till ruin'd by a sad disaster: —
 That she a fav'rite lap-dog had,
 Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
 And on her lip a wound indenting
 First set her youthful blood fermenting.

The Priest reply'd with zealous fury:
 "You should have sought the means to cure
 ye.

Doctors by various ways, we find,
 Treat these distempers of the mind.

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
 To her, who raves with scornful pride;
 And if religion crack her notions,
 Lock up her volumes of devotions;
 But if for *man* her rage prevail,
 Barr her the sight of creatures male.
 Or else to cure such venom'd bite,

Cc

And

And set the shatter'd thoughts aright;
 They send you to the ocean's shore,
 And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er."

The dame reply'd; Alas! in vain
 My kindred forc'd me to the main,
 Naked, and in the face of day:
 Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
 What virgin had not done as I did?
 My modest hand, by nature guided,
 Debarr'd at once from human eyes
 The seat where female honour lyes,
 And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
 I still secur'd the post below,
 And guarded it with grasp so fast,
 Not one drop through my fingers past:
 Thus owe I to my bashful care,
 That all the rage is settled there.'

Some men (when drench'd beneath the
 wave)

High o'er their heads their fingers save,
 Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
 Or in the pocket lightly dive;
 Or, more expert in pill'ring vice,
 They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier; strait his fears
 Direct his hands, to stop his ears.
 And now truth seems a grating noise,

He

He loves the fland'rer's whisp'ring voice;
 He hangs on flatt'ry with delight,
 And thinks all fulsome praise his right,

All women dread a watry death:
 They shut their lips to hold their breath,
 And though you duck them ne'er so long,
 Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue;
 'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
 And that this member ne'er lyes still.

VI.

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

— Taken from Gay's Miscellanies,

SHOCK'S fate I mourn, poor SHOCK is
now no more,

Ye Muses mourn, ye chambermaids deplore!

Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,

Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!

Thy wretched fingers now no more shall
deck,

And tye the fav'rite ribband round his neck,
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy
hair,

And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.

Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid,

All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:

Our surest hope is in a hour destroy'd,

And love, best gift of heav'n, not long en-
joy'd.

Methinks I see her frantick with de-
spair,

Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing
hair;

Her

Her MECHLEN pinnars rent the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward
breast!

No dread events upon that fate attend;
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses
rend.

Though certain omen's oft' forewarn a state,
And dying lyons shew the monarch's fate:
Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow
rise?

For when a Lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Celia, cease; restrain thy flowing
tears,

Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In *man* you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the
ground!

And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd.
HERE SHOCK, THE PRIDE OF ALL HIS
KIND, IS LAID;

WHO FAWN'D LIKE MAN, BUT NE'ER
LIKE MAN BETRAY'D.

VII.

MR. GAY'S EPITAPH, MADE BY
HIMSELF.

— **T**aken from Gay's miscellanies.

Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it.

FINIS.

WHO FAWND LIKE MAN, BUT WERE
LIKE MAN BETRAY'D.
THO' HIS STOCK, THE RIDE ON, HIS
AND MAY HIS TOMB BEYOND THIS WORLD
His dead. On his man gentler in the

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS OCCURRING IN THE BALLADS, TAKEN CHIEFLY from the Glossaries, added to each Volume of Mr. Percy's Reliques of ancient Poetry.

Y A 1 1 1 1 1

OF THE ORIGIN AND SCOTTISH WORTH
OF THE HALLS IN THE HALLS
OF THE HALLS IN THE HALLS
OF THE HALLS IN THE HALLS

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS.

F. signifies French; G. German; Sc. Scottish, A. G.
Anglo-Saxon.

Able, fit, suitable.

Accon, a kind of armour
made of taffary, or lea-
ther quilted, etc. worn
under the habergeon,
to save the body from
bruises. — F. Hoque-
ton.

Adowne, down.

Ain, Sc. own.

Alla, the Mahometan na-
me of God.

And, an, if.

Argobuffe, Harquebuss.

An old-fashioned kind
of musket.

Au, all.

Auld, Sc. old.

Aye, ever; also, ah! alas!

*2

B.

Baile, *bale*, evil, hurt,
mischief, misery.

Bairn, Sc. child, also hu-
man creature.

Balow, Sc. a nursery
term, hush! lullaby etc.

Ban, curse. 2, to curse.

Band, bond, covenant.

Bauzen's skinn, perhaps

sheep's leather dress'd
and colour'd red. f. *ba-*

zane, sheep's leather.

In Scotland, sheep-

skin mittens with the

wool on the inside, are

called *Bauzen-mittens*.

— *Banfon* also signifies
a bad-

- a badger, in old English; it may therefore signify perhaps badger-skin. But M. Percy is inclined to prefer one of the former interpretations.
- Bedeane*, immediately.
- Bedight*, bedecked.
- Bedone*, wrought, made up.
- Been*, *ben*, *bin* be, are.
- Befall*, befallen.
- Beforn*, before.
- Begilde*, *begylde*, beguiled, deceived.
- Beheard*, heard.
- Beir*, Sc. bear.
- Belive*, immediately, presently.
- Bents*, places, where bents (long coarse grass etc.) grows 2, field, 3, fields.
- Beseene*, become.
- Besbradde*, cut into shreds.
- Besbrew me!* a lesser form of imprecation.
- Besprent*, besprinkled.
- Bewrates*, discovers, betrays.
- Blee*, colour, complexion.
- Blinn*, *blinn*, to stop or cease.
- Bloomed*, beset with bloom.
- Bluid*, Sc. blood.
- Blysb*, joy, sprightliness 2, joyous, sprightly.
- Bode*, *abode*, stayed.
- Boltes*, shafts, arrows.
- Bones*, young bones, a common phrase with the old English writers for *Children*. PERCY. Hence, I suppose, the modern word *ONES* for *Children* is to be derived; the sound of *b* having insensibly changed to *w*, and the word itself as thought, tho' falsely, related to *ONE*, *unus*, assuming the pronunciation of the latter expression, in its initial syllable.
- Bonny*, handsome, comely.
- Boon*, favour, request, petition.
- Boore*, good, advantage, help, assistance.
- Bounde*, *bownd*, prepared, got ready. This word is also used in the north, in the sense of "went" or "was going." S. *bowne*.
- Bowne*, *ro dine* (K. Estme- re Lett. 4). *Bowne* is a common word in the north for 'going'; e.g.

A GLOSSARY.

*e. g. where are you bow-
ne to? where are you
going.*

*Bowre, bower, any bo-
wed or arched room;
a parlour, chamber;
also a dwelling in ge-
neral.*

*Bowre-window, chamber-
window.*

*Brakes, thickets of bram-
bles.*

Brandes, swords.

Braſt. burst.

Breech, breeches.

Brere, brere, briar.

Braun, burn.

Bridal, the nuptial feast.

Brading, pricking.

*Brooches, ornamental trin-
kets. Stone-buckles
of silver or gold, with
which gentlemen and
ladies clasp their shirt-
bosoms, and handker-
chiefs, are called in
the North, brooches.*

*Brooke, enjoy. 2, bear,
endure.*

Bruſt, burst.

*Bugle, bugle, horn, a hun-
ting horn: being the
horn of a Bugle, or
Wild-Bull.*

But if, unless.

Carebed, bed of care.

*Carle, churl, clown;
person of low birth;
villain. It is also used
in the North for a strong
hale old man. G. Kerl.*

*Carline, the feminine of
carle.*

*Carlifh, churlifh, dif-
courteous, from carle.*

*Cayriff, slave, despicat-
ble wretch.*

*Cerywall, ſpitwall, the
herb valerian, also
mountain ſpikenard.*

Chanteclere, the cock.

Check, to ſtop; 2, to rate.

Chief, chiefly.

*Child, childen, knight;
knights.*

Chriſtenye, christian, christendom.

*Churl, one of a low birth,
a villain or vassal.*

*Cleaped, clepad, called,
named.*

*Coat, cot, cottage, item
coat.*

*Cockers, a ſort of buking
or ſhort boots faſtened
with laces or buttons,
and often worn by
Farmers and Shep-
herds. In Scotland
they*

- they are called *Curkins*, from *Cute*, the ankle.
- Comen*, *commen*, *comyn*, come.
- Cordwin*, *cordwayne*, properly Spanish or Cordovan leather: in the ballad of *Dowfabell* it signifies a more vulgar sort.
- Crancke*, merry, sprightly, exulting.
- Grinckle*, run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.
- Crook*, twist, wrinkle, distort.
- Cryauce*, belief; f. *creance*; in the ball. of *Sir Cauline*, P. I. st. 20. it seems to signify 'fright'. f. *crainse*.
- Cam*, Sc. come.
- Cunning*, skilful, dextrous.
- D**
- Deope - fesse*, deep - fetched.
- Deere*, hurt, mischief.
- Deerly*, richly, precious.
- Deir*, Sc. dear.
- Denay*, deny, rhythmi gratia.
- Descreyve*, describe.
- Dight*, dyght, deched. dressed, put on, fitted out. S. dill.
- Dill*, dole, grief, pain. — *dill was dight to him*; grief was upon him, (*Sir Caul. I. st. 4.*) — *dill I drye* (*Id. st. 11.*) pain I suffer.
- Dint*, stroke, blow.
- Doleful dumps*, sorrowful gloom; or heaviness of heart.
- Down*, Sc. down.
- Doute*, doubt. Item fear.
- Drap*, Sc. drop.
- Dre*, *delt*, *drye*, suffer.
- Drovers*, *drovers*, *dry-bars*, such as drive herds of cattle, deer etc.
- Drye*, S. *dre* etc.
- Dole*, Sc. mishap, dole, grief.
- E**
- Eame*, *eme*, (G. ohm) uncle.
- Ee*, *ie*, Sc. eye.
- Een*, *eyne*, eyes.
- Eene*, Sc. even, evening.
- Eke*, also.
- Enfue*, follow.
- Ere*, before.
- Erst*, Sc. heretofore.
- Evermore*, ever.

F.

- Fa'**, Sc. fall.
Fain, *fayne*, glad, fond, well-pleased, *fond* of *figbre* (K. Estm.) fond of fighting.
Fain, *fayne*, feign.
Fals, false. Item *fallett*.
Falsing, dealing in falsehood.
Farden, fared, flashed.
Fare, Old Sc. pass. G. *fahren*.
Faye, faith.
Fear, nice, neat.
Featously, neatly, dextrously.
Fee, or *fe*, reward, also bribe; but properly Fee is applied to Lands and Tenements, which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgment of superiority to a higher Lord. Thus "in fee" signifies in feudal service. Lat. *Feudum*, etc. (Blount.)
Feere, *ferre*, mate.
Feir, Sc. feet.
Fell, furious. a, skin.
Fend, defend.
Fette, fetched.
Feude, hatred. (G. *Fehde*.)
Filing, defiling, spoiling.
Fitt, part or division of a song; a tune or strain of music.
For, on account of.
Forced, *forst*, heeded, regarded.
Fore, the inseparable particle *for* of the Germans.
'Fore, before.
Forefend, prevent, defend.
Foregoe, quit, give up, resign.
Forewatched, (G. *Verwacht*), over-watched, kept awake.
Forewearied, weary, exhausted with toil.
Fou, *low*, Sc. full, also, fuddled.
Frat, Sc. fro, from.
Free, jolly, fair, gallant.
Freers, *fryars*, friars, monks.
Frie, Sc. *fre*, free.
Fro, from.
Fyr, fire.

G.

Gair, *gear*, *geere*, *geir*, *geire*, Sc. goods, effects, stuff, furniture. (G. *Waare*.)
Galliard, a sprightly kind of dance.
Gamon, (the old verbal termination for game) to

to make game, to sport.
From the Anglo-Saxon word, *Gamenian*, *jocari*. Hence comes Backgammon. — See above, *comen* etc.

Gan, *game*, began.

Gane, Sc. gone.

Gang, Sc. go.

Gaz, Sc. yet.

Gep, *gusp*, *gip*, an interjection of contempt.

Geud, *gude*, *guid*, Sc. good.

Gibed, jeered, jested.

Giff, *giffe*, if.

Gin, begin.

Gin, *gyn*, engine, contrivance.

Girt, Sc. pierced, through.

Glee, *glie*, merriment, joy.

Gorget, the dress of the neck.

Gould, *gowd*, Sc. gold.

Grammar. This word in the ball. of K. Estmere seems to signify Magic or some kind of supernatural science. It must derive from the word *Grammar*. In those dark ages, when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able to read or write, he

who had made a little further progress in literature might well pass for a conjurer or magician.

Graeffa, grief.

Groomes; attendants, servants.

Grops, a griffin.

Guerdon, reward.

H.

Ha, *hæ*, Sc. have. Item. hall.

Habergeon, f. a lesser coat of mail.

Halfe, the neck, throat. Hence

Halfed, *halched*, saluted, embraced, fell on his neck.

Harlocke, perhaps *Charlocke*, or Wild Rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn etc.

Hawerke, a coat of mail.

Head-geere, geere of the head. S. *gair*.

Heare, *here*, hair.

Hem, *em*, them.

Hend, *bind*, kind, gentle. (The same word with *kind*).

Hest, *hast*, 2, command, injunction.

Higbr,

Higs, engaged, promised. Item named, called.

Hir, Sc. her.

Hondred, hundred.

Houze, give the sacrament.

Huggle, hug, clasp.

I.

Ild, I would.

Ile, I will.

Impe, a little demon.

In fere, I fere, together.

Inro, Sc. in.

I wien (G. ich wachne), properly, I think; verily.

I wis, I wye (I know) verily. (perhaps ay, wifs! G. Iagewifs!)

I woe (I know) verily, in faith, certainly.

K.

Keeps (p. 159.), care, heed. To *keeps*, to study, care.

Kempe, *kempes*, soldier, soldiers.

A Kempery man, a soldier, warrior, fighting man.

Ken, *kenst*, know, knowest.

Kirk Sc. church, G. kitchen.

Knave. (G. knabe), servant.

Kyrtill, *kyrtle*, petticoat, gown, also a man's under-garment.

L.

Lacke, want.

Lang, Sc. long.

Lay-land, land that is not plowed, green sward
2, lands in general.

Layne, lien; also, laid.

Leaman, *leiman*, *leman* or *lemman*, lover, mistress. From the A. G. *leif* man.

Leard, learned, taught

Learn, teach.

Leeche, physician.

Leeching, doctoring medicinal care.

Leek, a phrase of contempt.

Leer, a sly look.

Leue, believe.

Leive, Sc. leave.

Lere, face, complexion.

From the A. S. word, *Hleare*.

Let, hinder, hindered.

Lever, rather (G. lieber).

Lewd, ignorant, scandalous.

Levre,

- Layre, lore, learning, lore.*
Linge-men, vassals, subjects.
Lightsome, chearful, sprightly.
Lingell, a thread of hemp rubbed with rosin. etc. used by rustics for mending their shoes.
Lisber, haughty, wicked.
Lodly, lothly, loathsome.
Loke, lock of wool.
Longe, belong.
Lope, leaped.
Lyrh, lyzke, lithsome, pliant, flexible, easy.
Loured, bowed, did obey-fance.

M.
Mabound, Mahowne, Mahomet.
Mair, Sc. more.
Makes, maks, makys, mates.
March-pine, (p. 156.) march-pane, a kind of biscuit.
Maun, mun, Sc. may, must.
Mayne, force, strength.
Meed, meede, reward.
M-niveere, white-fur.
Mickle, much.
Minged, mentioned.

Mishap, misfortune.
Misbar, Sc. mother.
Monand, (the old German termination of this participle) moaning, be-moaning.
Mone, moon.
'Mong, among.
Mores, moors, marsh grounds.
Mosse, swampy grounds covered with moss.
Most, must.
Mot, more, mought, might.

N.
Na, nae, Sc. no, not, none.
Neigh, neave or nye, to approach.
Neuir, neire, Sc. never.
Newfangle, newfangled, fond of novelty.
To Nick of nay, to nick with a refusal.
Nicke, night.
Nipt, pinched.

O.
Orisons, f. Oraisons, prayers.
Oib, Sc. out of.
Out alas! exclamation of grief.

Owches

Onches, bosses, or buttons of gold.

Omr, *awra* Sc. over.

P.

Palle, a robe or mantle of state. *Purple and pall*, i. e. a purple robe, or cloak. a phrase.

Palmer, a pilgrim, who having been at the holy land, carried a palm-branch in his hand.

Paramour, gallant, lover, mistress.

Pattering, murmuring, mumbling.

Paynim, pagan.

Peer: *peerless*, equal: without equal.

Peering, peeping, looking narrowly.

Pine, famish, starve.

Pinner, penner.

Plaining, complaining.

Play-fewer, play-fellows.

Pleasance, f. *plaisance*, pleasure.

Poppingay, a parrot.

Prest, ready. *prestly*, *prestlye*, quickly.

Prick, spur forward, haste, travell a good round pace.

Prowess, bravery, valour, military gallantry.

Q.

Quail, shrink, flinch, yield.

Quarry, in hunting or Hawking, is slaughtered game etc. (or rather the place where it lies.)

Quear, sorry, base woman.

Quell, subdue, also kill.

Quere, or *quire*, choir.

Quba, Old-Sc. who.

Quban, Old-Sc. when.

Qubat, *qubatten*, Old-Sc. what.

Quben, Old-Sc. when.

Quby, Old-Sc. why.

Quirister, chorister.

R.

Reade, (G. *rathen*), to advise. 2, to hit off.

Reave, *rove*, bereave, deprive.

Reckless, regardless, careless, rash.

Recke, regarded.

Redresse, care, labour.

Reid, Sc. red. — *reid-roan*, red-roan.

Relese, relief.

Renish, derives, perhaps, from *renites*, to shine. 2, perhaps for relish.

Renne, run.

Rid.

- Riddle**, seems to be a vulg. idiom for *unriddle*; or is perhaps a corruption of *reade*, i. e. advise.
- Road**, *roade*, *cross*, *crucifix*.
- Room**, roomy, large, wide.
- Rudd**, red, ruddy.
- Ruthe**, pity; 2, woe.
- Ruishfull**, rueful, woeful.
- Sae**, *Sc.* so.
- Saft**, *Sc.* soft.
- Sait**, *Sc.* sorer.
- Sarke**, *Sc.* shirt, shift.
- Say**, essay, attempt.
- Say us no harme** (K. Estm.)
Say no ill of us.
- Scant**, scarce.
- Scarb**, *Scathe*, hurt, injure. *G.* schade.
- Se**, *see*, *seen*; also, saw.
- Se**, *sc.* halt.
- Shave**, *shaven*; *be shaven*, been shaven.
- Sheene**, *shene* (*G.* schön.)
shining, bright.
- Shee's**, the shail.
- Sbent**, disgraced. *G.* geschaendet.
- Shirt of mail**, coat of mail.
- Shoone**, shoes.
- Shrift**, confession.
- Shrive**, confess. Item hear confession.
- Shriven**, *shreeven*, confessing.
- Side**, long.
- Siker**, (*G.* sicher), surely, certainly.
- Sin**, since.
- Slode**, slit, split.
- Stone**, slain.
- Soldain**, *foldan*, *soudan*, *somdan*, *sawdan*, *soruden*, sultan, a name given to any Saracen king.
- Soorb**, *Sorb*, truth; also, true.
- Sowre**, four.
- Sped**, speeded, succeeded in an undertaking.
- Spill**, spoil, destroy, kill.
- Statke**, (*G.* stark) stiff, 2, entirely.
- Steady**, *stede*, (*G.* stätte), place.
- Sterre**, start.
- Stint**, stop or cease; also, stopped.
- Stower**, *stowre*, fight, disturbance. Now in the north it signifies agitated dust, as by sweeping a room. 2, strong, robust.
- Stroke**, struck.
- Sweavens**, *Swevens*, dreams.
- Sweet.

Sweere, snire, neck.
Swish, (G. geschwind),
 quickly, instantly.
Syrb, since.

T.

Taine, tane, Sc. taken.
Talents, perhaps golden
 ornaments, hung from
 the head to the value
 of talents of gold.
Termagaunt or *Termagant*
 (corrupted into Tervagant
 by the French Romancers)
 is the name given in the
 old romances to the God of
 the Saracens: in which he
 is constantly linked with
 MAHOUND or Mahomet.
Tbair, there.
Tbame, Sc. them.
Tbee, thou.
Tborow, tbrow, Sc.
 through.
Tbouse thou art.
Tboust, thou shalt, or
 shouldest.
Thrall, captive; also thral-
 dom, captivity.
Tbrice five, probably a
 phrase.
Till, entice. Item. unto.
Tine, loose, *tinz*, lost.
To, too. 2, two,

Ton, tone, the one, one.
Towirs, Sc. towers.
Trew, true.
Trow, trowe, believe,
 trust; also, verily.

U.

Undigbt, undecked, un-
 dressed.
Unmackly, unshapen, dif-
 form.
Unzill, unto, against.

V.

Vest, cloath, robe.

W.

Waltering, weltering.
Wald, Sc. world.
Warke, Sc. work.
Wax, grow, become.
Weede, clothing, dress.
wedes, clothes.
Ween, believe, think.
Wel-a-way, wel-away,
 an interjection of grief
 or pity.
Welding, (G. waltend),
 ruling.
Welkin, the sky. Perh.
 from the G. Wolken.
Wend, to go. G. wenden,
 i.e. sich wenden.

West,

West, (Low - G. 'west, i. e. gewesen), Sc. been.
I shall cum west. (The Ew-bughts Mar.), I shall have been come, i. e. I shall come.

Wha, Sc. who.

Whair, Sc. where. *whair-eir*, wherever.

Whistles, knives.

Wight, (G. wicht), person; 2, strong, lusty.

Wightry, strong, lusty, active, nimble.

Winsome, engaging, agreeable.

Wist, wist, know; knew.

Wo, woo, woe.

Woe-begone, lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.

Woe-man, a sorrowful man.

Wone, wonne, dwell.

Wot, know.

Wracke, ruin, destruction.

Wul, wull, Sc. will.

Wyll, will, permit one to do a thing.

Wynne, win, joy.

Y.

Yare, gate.

Yave, gave.

Y-built, built. (Ye or Y is that inseparable par-

ticle, Ye or Ge, which was once prevailing thro' the verbs of all the G. dialects.)

Y-cleaped, y-cleped, called, named.

Y-con'd, taught. (The participle of an old Verb, *cone*, G. können; i. e. understand.)

Y-core, (gekohren, erkohren), chosen.

Yebent, Y-bent, bent.

Yfere, together.

Y-picking, picking. (from an old Verb y-pick or Ye-pick, for pick.)

Y-wrought, wrought.

Z.

Ze, *Zee*, Sc. ye. (The character Z, which is usually substituted by the printers, to express a similar old one in the A. S. Alphabet, received afterwards into the Old English MSS., is by no means to be pronounced as our modern Z; but had rather the force of Y, and perhaps of gh. P.)

Zees, ye shall.

Zonder, Sc. yonder.

Zour, Sc. your.

ADDENDUM to pag. 159. the note. The verse in question was too rashly suspected by me. There are innumerable instances of verses akephaloi in the old ballads and songs, and many of them are still to be met with in the more modern. The want of more instances of the like mutilations in that ballad itself, and the seeming easiness of a corruption deceived me into the above correction.

The Editor.

THE END.

[illegible]

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